

OFFICE SPACE

(Working Title)

by

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FADE IN

We see the following quote full screen:

"Every bone in my body cries out against the vast inhumanity of normal employment." -Oscar Wilde.

Music plays and CREDITS ROLL over the following OPENING MONTAGE:

EXT. VAST CORPORATE OFFICE PARK - MORNING

We see a huge traffic jam on an expressway that winds through an endless corporate office park. It could be just about anywhere in the middle of America -- one and two-story shiny new buildings, -- mostly built in the early eighties with small bits of landscaping. There are parking lots, Bennagins, TGIFriday's, Chili's, etc. -- as far as the eye can see.

We TRUCK IN on a Toyota Corolla, one of many in this endless traffic jam.

Inside is PETER GIBBONS -- twenty-six, fairly normal-looking. He is driving to work -- five feet at a time.

In a CLOSE UP we see his foot go back and forth from the gas pedal to the break every five seconds or so. On Peter's expression, we see that this is slow torture for him. He looks to the side of the road and sees an OLD MAN with a walker shuffling along, actually making better time than he is. The old man passes peter.

Peter looks over at the next lane. Traffic seems to be moving a lot quicker. He keeps looking over, wondering if he should switch. His lane is still barely moving. He finally decides to be brave and switch lanes. The second he changes his old lane starts moving rapidly and his new lane stops.

PETER

(Banging the steering wheel) Shit! --
Why did I do that?!

Peter looks over at the sidewalk and sees the old man is now a block ahead of him. Peter looks back over at the lane he was in, which is still moving. He looks back at the old man, now way ahead of him. He switches lanes. Once again, the lane he switched to suddenly stops and the lane he was in starts moving.

PETER

(Pounding on the wheel) Dammit!!!

ANGLE-ON: ANOTHER CAR IN THE TRAFFIC JAM -- a Honda.

Inside the car we see MICHAEL BOLTON. No, not the famous singer, just a guy who happens to have the same name by an unfortunate coincidence.

Michael Bolton is twenty-six and looks like a young republican. He has glasses, brown hair parted on the side, shirt and tie. He is listening to a gangsta' rap song (Scarface -- "NO TEARS") with his stereo cranked. He sings along, knows all the words.

MICHAEL

(Rapping along to himself with the CD)

...I got my pistol cocked, ready to lay shots non-stop until I see yo' monkey-ass drop. And let yo' homies know who done it, 'cuz when it come to this gangsta' shit you mutha-fuckas know who run it...

A BLACK MAN selling roses walks along the divider. Michael sees him, stops rapping and immediately LOCKS THE DOORS.

EXT. A BUS STOP IN THE SAME AREA - MORNING

MILTON sits waiting for the bus with a few other people. He wears a shirt and tie. Everyone else at the bus stop looks blue-collar. Milton looks at his watch and looks around worried and mumbling to himself. (He's based on my animated character -- We'll find out more about him later.)

EXT. NYCOR INC. - MORNING

Just another building in the corporate office park. It's modern with shiny tinted glass like all the others with minimal landscape. There's a sign about four feet high in front with Nycor's corporate logo on it. Underneath the logo it says, "Systems Division". The sign is surrounded by a small planter.

ANGLE ON THE PARKING LOT.

We see a fairly new Porsche 911 pull into a space marked with a sign, "RESERVED FOR BILL LUMBERGH, DIVISION CHAIRMAN". BILL LUMBERGH gets out of the car. He's forty-five, an aging yuppie still sporting the suspenders-and-yellow-tie look of the eighties. He carefully places one of those cardboard dashboard protectors in the front windshield. He shuts the door, steps back and checks out his car for a beat, and then heads inside. His license plate reads, "MY PRSHE".

THE NEXT SPACE OVER

We see DOM PORTWOOD pull up into his space reserved for "SENIOR V.P." He drives a Mazda RX-7. He's a chunky guy who looks like he could be Rush Limbaugh's younger brother. He gets out, opens the trunk and pulls out a canvas car cover which he carefully drapes over his car to protect the paint job. We see a bumper sticker that says, "You toucha my car, I breaka you face."

We PAN ACROSS the next few parking spaces and see that there are at least EIGHT OTHER SENIOR VICE PRESIDENTS.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER PART OF THE PARKING LOT

Peter pulls up in his Toyota Corolla. He can't find a space and has to park next to a divider. He drags himself out of the car and goes into the building, looking miserable.

We follow him to a door to the cubicle area. He reaches to open it and gets an annoying STATIC SHOCK.

END MONTAGE.

INT. NYCOR / PETER'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Peter sits down in his cubicle. He looks straight ahead.

PETER'S POV.

The cubicle wall in front of him.

The cubicle wall to the left. It looks exactly the same.

The cubicle wall to the right. Also looks the same.

POV as Peter looks at his watch -- 9:15 Monday.

Peter turns on his computer, sinks into his chair and shuts his eyes -- not ready to deal with anything.

From the next cubicle, we hear NINA. She answers the phone the same way over and over again about every five to ten seconds -- like Chinese water torture. She speaks deliberately fast, hitting her consonants hard. She thinks it makes her sound professional.

NINA

Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina
speaking... Just a
moment...Corporate Accounts
Payable, Nina speaking...

This continues in the background. Peter reaches in his desk and pulls out some earplugs and puts them in. We now hear

Peter's perspective -- The same annoying voice, just muffled a bit.

NINA (Muffled)
Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina
speaking....Just a
moment...Corporate Accounts
Payable, Nina speaking...

Bill Lumbergh (We'll call him "Lumbergh") walks up to Peter's cubicle. He's the king of passive-aggressive. (Note: Whenever we see Lumbergh he always has his Nycor coffee mug in one hand -- always.) Peter takes out the earplugs. Lumbergh casually reprimands him.

LUMBERGH
Hello Peter, what's happening? Ah,
we have sort of a problem? Yeah,
you apparently didn't put one of
the new cover sheets on your T.P.S.
reports?...

PETER
Yeah, I forgot. Sorry.

LUMBERGH
Yeah, you see we're putting the
cover sheets on all T.P.S. reports
now before they go out. (Feigning
curiosity) Ah, did you see the memo
about this?

PETER
Yeah, I got the memo. I just forgot
and they're not shipping until
tomorrow anyway, so it's no
problem...

LUMBERGH
Yeah, if you could just go ahead
and make sure you do that from now
on, that would be terrific. Oh and,
I'll go ahead and make sure you get
another copy of that memo. Mmkay?
Buh-bye Peter.

Lumbergh leaves.

PETER
I've got the memo right here. I
just forgot...

Lumbergh doesn't hear. He's off to another cubicle. Nina's voice continues in the background.

NINA (O.S.)
Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina
speaking... (On and on)

Peter lets out a SUFFERING SIGH. He tries to start working, but there is another distraction: The voice of PAUL HARVEY coming from a radio in the next cubicle. (Paul Harvey is that annoying radio news guy that takes long pauses in weird places. Old people seem to find it charming.)

This is also like chinese water torture. Peter tries to concentrate but Paul Harvey's irritating pauses are driving him crazy.

PAUL HARVEY (V.O.)
New tartar control formula crest...
Four out of five... (long pause)

PETER
(Anticipating the next word, to himself)
Dentists...

PAUL HARVEY (V.O.)
...dentists recommend Crest for
fighting.... (long pause)

PETER
Cavities... Come on...

PAUL HARVEY (V.O.)
...cavities... Page two...

Peter can't take it anymore. He gets up and walks over to the next cubicle.

ANGLE ON MILTON'S CUBICLE.

Milton is listening to Paul Harvey. He has only a few possessions in his cubicle, his diploma from DeVry (a two year technical school most commonly known by it's ads on the inside of match book covers), a poster of the F-18, a city bus schedule, etc. Peter enters.

PETER
Hey Milton, would you mind turning
that down a little?

MILTON
Mmm, well I was told that I could
listen to the radio at a reasonable
volume from nine to eleven and
according to company regulations...

PETER

I know you're allowed to Milton,
I'm just asking you as a favor...

MILTON

...and mmm, I told Bill that if
Sandra's going to listen to her
Walkman while she's filing, I
should be allowed to listen at my
desk. So until I'm told different..

PETER

Okay! Okay Milton. Forget it.
Just,...forget it. Jeez.

Peter returns to his cubicle.

Dom Portwood walks in. He's another midmanagement weasel
(The guy who looks like he could be Rush Limbaugh's younger
brother.) Dom clasps his hands together with a smart-alec
smirk.

DOM

Hi Peter, what's happening. We need
to talk about your T.P.S. reports.

PETER (irritated)

Yeah, the cover sheet. I know. Bill
already told me.

DOM (fake concern)

Yeah, did you get that memo?

PETER

Yes, I got the memo. I understand
the policy. The problem is I just
forgot one time, but I've already
taken care of it, so it's not
really a problem anymore.

DOM

Ah yeah, it's just that we're
putting the new cover sheets on all
the TPS reports before they go out
now. So if you could go ahead and
try to remember to do that from now
on that would be great. All right?

Dom gives Peter a hearty pat on the back like a father would
give an eight-year-old, and walks away before Peter can
respond.

Peter's phone rings. He answers. In the background, the
annoying sounds of Nina's voice, "Corporate Accounts

Payable...", and Paul Harvey continue. Peter shuts one ear -
- trying to block it out. It all builds to a crescendo.

PETER

Peter Gibbons....(About to lose it)
Yes, I know. I just forgot...Yes...

EXT. NYCOR - DAY

Peter bursts out the door as if he's escaping a burning building. He stands outside for a beat -- looking around, trying to cool off. He looks off to the side and sees a couple of lonely SMOKERS standing around an ashtray staring at him.

INT. NYCOR/ ANOTHER SET OF CUBICLES - DAY

This cubicle is shared by SAMIR and MICHAEL BOLTON.

On Michael's wall we see a Navy Seals poster (Not from the movie, a real Navy Seals poster), various Soldier of Fortune type stuff, and a picture of Snoopy Doggy Dogg.

Samir is an Iranian in his late twenties. He is hovering over a LASER PRINTER. It starts to print out a page, makes a beep and then stops. It's all he can do to keep himself from hitting it. He speaks with an Iranian accent.

SAMIR

Aaaaaagh!!! No, not again!!!

Samir motions like he's going to hit the printer, then stops himself.

SAMIR

Why does it say "paper jam" when
THERE IS NO PAPER JAM!!! One of
these days, I swear to God I will
kick thees piece of sheet out the
window!

MICHAEL BOLTON

You and me both. You know, whoever
designed that thing is lucky I
don't know where he lives. Because
I'd like to tie him to a chair and
just slap him for about two hours.

SAMIR

Yes. Because it is very poorly
designed! (To the printer) Piece of
sheet!

Samir starts messing with the printer. A female TEMP walks in handing out memos.

TEMP
Samir... (Struggling to
pronounce) Na-i-n...ai-ja...?

Samir takes the memo.

TEMP
Michael... Bolton?

MICHAEL
That's me.

TEMP
Wow, is that your real name?

MICHAEL
(Like he's answered it a million
times) Yeah.

She hands him the memo.

TEMP
Are you related to that singer guy?

MICHAEL
No. Just a coincidence.

Michael takes the memo. The temp leaves.

SAMIR
No one in this country can ever
pronounce my name right. It's not
that hard -- Na-i-ni-ne-jad.

MICHAEL
At least your name isn't Michael
Bolton.

SAMIR
There's nothing wrong with that
name.

MICHAEL
There was nothing wrong with it,
until I was about twelve years old
and that no-singing asshole became
famous and started winning
Grammies.

SAMIR

Why don't you just go by "Mike"
instead of Michael?

MICHAEL

No way! Why should I change? He's
the one who sucks.

Samir looks at the memo.

SAMIR

Staff meeting Friday? I wonder what
that's about.

Peter enters the cubicle.

PETER

Hey, you guys wanna go to TGIF's?
Get coffee or something?

SAMIR

It's very early for us to go to
"Thank God it's Friday's".

PETER

I know but I've really gotta get
out of here. I'm about to lose it.

The temp passes by again.

TEMP

Uh-oh. Sounds like somebody's got
the Mondays.

This comment seems to cause Peter extreme discomfort.

PETER

Come on. Lumbergh's in a meeting
until one. He'll never know we're
gone.

Samir and Michael look at each other.

MICHAEL

Oh all right.

INT. TGIF'S - DAY

Peter, Michael and Samir sit at a table.

PETER

Boy I'm tellin' ya, one of these
days...AAAAGHHH!!!! (machine gun
noises with mouth.)

Peter gestures and makes noises like he's shooting up the place. A WAITER walks up behind him. He wears a referee shirt, and has the manner of someone who has been through intensive training on how to be a "fun" waiter.

WAITER

(Politely laughs at Peter's gun noises) Heh heh, so gentlemen, can I get you something to drink? Or something to nibble on? Some Pizzadillas? Maybe some Srimp Poppers or our Extreme Fajitas?...

Peter looks confused.

PETER

Huh?... We just want coffee.

WAITER

Coffee! Great! I'll bring that right up! Sounds like a case of the Mondays.

Peter looks sickened as the waiter gets some coffe.

MICHAEL

You know Peter, if you hate Nycor so much, why don't you quit?

PETER

`Cuz I gotta make a living.

MICHAEL

Why don't you find another career?

PETER

(Pause) `Cause I'm a pussy. I guess that's why I work at Nycor in the first place.

MICHAEL

Well, I work at Nycor and I don't consider myself a pussy.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL, looking very much like a pussy as he pours his fifth bag of sugar in his coffee.

SAMIR

Yes. I don't consider myself a pussy either.

MICHAEL

(Still pouring sugar) I'll tell you though, they're gonna find out the hard way that I'm not a pussy if they don't start treating their software people better. They don't understand -- I could program a virus that would rip that place off big time. I'm serious.

Peter looks around for a beat.

PETER

(Dispairing) What if we're still doing this when we're fifty?

SAMIR

It would be nice to have that kind of job security.

PETER

Yeah... I don't know how everyone does it. I mean look at her...

ANGLE ON JENNIFER, one of the TGIF's waitresses. Over the next speech, we see her being reprimanded by her boss, much in the same way Peter's mid-management bosses hassle him.

PETER

...You know she doesn't want to spend her life wearing red suspenders and a referee's shirt taking orders from a guy with a "Beam me up Scotty" button. But somehow she doesn't let it get to her. In fact she looks pretty good in that ridiculous outfit.

SAMIR

You always talk about this girl. If you're so obsessed with her, why don't you just ask her out? ---

PETER

I couldn't do that. To her I'm just another asshole customer. You can't just ask out a waitress.

SAMIR

Sure you can. I'll ask her out.

PETER

(Possessive) NO!... Besides, I'm still going out with Anne... I think... Hey that reminds me, I'm

not going to be able to play poker
with you guys Friday night.

MICHAEL

Why not?

PETER

I'm going to this hypnotherapist
with Anne.

MICHAEL

(Dissapproving) A hypnotherapist?!

PETER

Yeah. Yeah, I know... Look, Anne
wants me to go. Things haven't been
so great with us and she thinks
this hypnotherapist might help or
something... You know sometimes I
get this feeling she might be
cheating on me.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I know what you mean.

PETER

(Pissed off) What's that supposed
to mean?

MICHAEL

Nothing! Settle down man... Look,
why don't you just tell Anne you're
not into hypnosis and come play
poker with us.

PETER

No, I better not. She'll get all
pissed off. Besides, I was thinking
maybe this guy can help me. I mean,
he did help Anne lose weight.

MICHAEL

She's anorexic Peter.

PETER

Yeah, I know. This guy's really
good.

MICHAEL

Well, I don't think a
hypnotherapist is ever going to
solve any of your problems. Hey,
speaking of problems, what's this I

hear about you having some problem
with your T.P.S. reports?

Peter shakes his head and sighs with defeat.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY

Peter, Samir and Michael walk back to Nycor. In the distance they see TOM SMYKOWSKI walking frantically towards them holding a piece of paper. Tom's about fifty-six and looks like he's been a nervous wreck for the last thirty years.

SAMIR

Is that Smykowski? What's he doing?

MICHAEL

Looks like he's working on another
heart attack.

Tom walks up to them.

TOM

I've been looking all over for you
guys. Have you seen this?! (Waving
the paper) I knew it. I knew it!

MICHAEL

What?

TOM

We're all screwed, that's what.
They're gonna downsize Nycor.

SAMIR

What are you talking about? How do
you know?

TOM

How do I know? They're bringing in
a consultant, that's how I know.
(Waving the memo) That's what this
staff meeting's about.

Tom starts pacing nervously, following them back.

TOM

It happened at Unitrode last year.
You have to interview with this
consultant. Then he decides how
valuable you are to the company. I
bet they lay off fifty people at
our branch alone.

PETER
(Terrified) Oh God, what if I lose
my job?!

MICHAEL
You hate your job.

PETER
I know. I don't know what's worse -
- losing my job or keeping it for
thirty years. I don't think I could
handle being unemployed right now.

TOM
Tell me about it. Just the thought
of having to go to the state
unemployment office and stand in
line with all those scumbags...

MICHAEL
Okay Tom, Jeez...

TOM
...And anytime you fill out any
kind of form, like at the doctor's
office, you have to put "none"
where it says employer. Then the
receptionist gives you that look
like you're stinking up the
place...

INT. NYCOR/SAMIR AND MICHAEL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Michael, Samir, Tom and Peter enter. Tom paces around,
peering over the cubicle.

PETER
Don't worry. Lumbergh's gone 'til
one.

TOM
Can you believe this? I've been at
Nycor twenty years and now I have
to go interview for my own job.

MICHAEL
Are you sure about all this Tom?

TOM
Yep. They've already laid off three
people in Logistics.

SAMIR
(Shaking his head) Sheet.

Tom sits down.

TOM

You know, there are people in this world who don't have to put up with all this shit -- like that guy who invented the Pet Rock. See, that's what you have to do, you have to use your mind and come up with some really great idea like that and you can make millions -- never have to work again.

MICHAEL

You think the Pet Rock was a really great idea?

TOM

Sure it was. The guy made millions. (Modest) Ya know, I had an idea like that once -- a long time ago... Yep.

PETER

Really? What was it?

TOM

Oh, it was nothing. Just an idea... I think it was pretty good though.

SAMIR

Come on Tom.

TOM

Oh all right. (With a modest chuckle) It was a "Jump-to-conclusions mat".

MICHAEL

(Baffled) A what? --

TOM

A "Jump-to-conclusions mat". You see, it would be this mat that you would put on the floor and it would have different "conclusions" written on it that you could "jump" to.

The guys just stare at him.

TOM

...You know, you would stand on a mark and actually *jump* to a conclusion. It's like a play on words. Get it?... Sort of a joke gift -- like the pet rock.

There's a long silence.

MICHAEL

(Solemn) That is the worst idea I have ever heard in my life Tom.

SAMIR

Yes. It is horrible, this idea.

TOM

You guys just don't get it. If you saw one, I bet you would change your mind. That's why I've thought about building a prototype.

SAMIR

Do not build this prototype Tom. Stop this talk. It is very bad.

Tom stands.

TOM

Well anyway, I thought it was a good idea. (Looks at watch) I gotta get outta here. See you guys later... (muttering) if I still have a job.

Tom leaves. Michael starts messing with the printer.

SAMIR

People in America don't realize that this is the one country where you actually have a chance of making a million dollars by investing wisely in something like real-estate -- but not these stupid ideas. (Shaking his head) "Jump-to-conclusions mat"?

PETER

You know, my guidance counselor in high school used to ask us to think of what we'd do if we had millions of dollars and didn't have to get a job, and whatever that was, she'd tell us that's what we should try

to do as a career. Like if someone said they'd sit around and fix up old cars, she'd tell them to become an auto-mechanic...

SAMIR

So what did you say?

PETER

I never could think of an answer to that question. I guess that's why I'm working at Nycor.

MICHAEL

No, you're working at Nycor because that question is bullshit to begin with. If everyone listened to her, there would be no janitors, because no one would clean shit up if they had a million dollars. Besides, look at me -- would I be a programmer at Nycor if I had a million dollars? Hell no, but I like my job. I mean, it's okay.

SAMIR

You know what I would do if I had a million dollars? I would diversify and invest half of it in low-risk mutual funds and then take the other half...

MICHAEL

You're completely missing the point Samir. The point is... (Noticing the display on the printer)... "PC LOAD LETTER"? What the fuck does that mean?!

EXT. JOGGING TRAIL AROUND A CITY PARK - EVENING

Anne is "power-walking" intensely -- way into it -- while Peter slowly jogs beside her, occasionally breaking into a walk so that they end up averaging the same speed. Although they cover the same amount of distance in the same amount of time, Anne is expending about ten times the energy as Peter, who doesn't look into this at all. Anne wears all the latest in power-walking attire, while Peter wears cheap gym shorts, generic sneakers and a t-shirt that says, "Nycor Systems Division". Anne talks with the same over-achieving spirit that she power-walks with.

ANNE

...So I'm sure they'll make me project leader next month. They'd be foolish not to. I mean who else have they got?

PETER

Yeah...

ANNE

...Tisha has horrible work habits, she's not goal-oriented, and Brian -- forget it. He's just not the caliber person for Project Leader and they know it. So I don't see any reason why I wouldn't get it. I mean I am gonna get it. I'm sure of it...

PETER

Yeah...

As Peter looks off into the distance something catches his eye. It's a BLUE-GREEN HONDA CIVIC -- early nineties model. As it gets closer we see JENNIFER is driving. Peter pauses for a moment to check her out, falling behind Anne.

ANNE

Come on Peter...

Peter catches back up with Anne.

ANNE

Anyway, it's just a matter of time... So I heard about the layoffs at Nycor. What a drag. I'd hate to see you lose your job right now -- The market's pretty bad. The same thing happened at Unitrode last year. You just have to make sure you do a good interview. Just -- talk about how irresponsible everyone else is -- it always works.

PETER

Yeah...

They reach the parking lot. Anne immediately starts doing "warm-down" stretching exercises.

ANNE

Now don't forget about this Friday. I think Dr. Swanson is really going

to help you out a lot with your problems. Especially with this interview and everything going on at Nycor. You really need to focus and start putting together a new resume. And don't just sit around watching TV all night either, or hanging out with that loser neighbor of yours. (Cheery) Okay?

PETER

Yeah...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Peter walks in and flops down on his couch, exhausted. We see that he is alone in this studio apartment. Through the wall, we hear someone talking to Peter.

LAWRENCE

(O.S. Yelling through the wall)
Hey Peter! Turn to channel nine -- quick! Check out this chick!

PETER

(Yelling back through wall)
Dammit Lawrence, can't you at least pretend we can't hear each other through the walls?!

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

Oh, sorry man -- is Anne over there or something?

PETER

No, but just,... Look, if you're gonna talk to me just come over.

Peter turns on the TV. He switches to CHANNEL NINE. We see what Lawrence was talking about -- a woman demonstrating self exams for breast cancer.

PETER

(Reacting to TV) Oh Jeez...

ANGLE ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE APARTMENT.

We see LAWRENCE walk out of his apartment and into Peter's which is right next door. Lawrence is a forty-one year old construction worker with a mustache -- like a young Sam Elliot.

BACK INSIDE PETER'S APARTMENT

Lawrence walks in.

LAWRENCE

Sorry. I figured you'd wanna see that. (Re TV) Doesn't she look like Anne?

PETER

A little bit I guess.

LAWRENCE

She hasn't been over in a while. You guys still going out?

PETER

Yeah. I guess. I don't know, sometimes I get this feeling she might be cheating on me.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, I get that feeling too.

PETER

Shit!... What do you mean by that?

LAWRENCE

I don't know, I just got that feeling looking at her, like she's that type of chick that would just,...(realizing) Oh, I'm sorry man. Look, who knows? Maybe she's not cheating on you. What do I know... Sorry.

PETER

Ah, don't worry about it. I just had a rough day.

Lawrence sits down on the couch, makes himself comfortable.

LAWRENCE

I hear ya man. I gotta get up at six in the morning all this week and drive up to Las Galindas. I'm doing dry-wall on a new McDonalds. (Brightly) Four more days to the weekend though.

PETER

Not for me. Lumbergh's going to ask me to come in on Saturday, I just know it. I can tell.

LAWRENCE

Aw, you can get out of that easily.

PETER

Yeah, how?

LAWRENCE

Well, when a boss wants you to work the weekend they usually wait til' the last part of the day to ask you right? So you just avoid him for the last couple of hours on Friday, then duck out a little early. Make sure you turn off your answering machine, and you're home free.

PETER

(Impressed) Wow... That's a really good idea Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

(Raising his beer) Fuckin' A!

Peter looks at Lawrence for a beat, sizing him up.

PETER

Hey Lawrence. What would you do if you had a million dollars?

LAWRENCE

I'll tell you what I'd do.

Lawrence takes a sip of beer then looks at Peter -- very serious.

LAWRENCE

Two chicks at the same time man.

PETER

That's it? If you had a million dollars you'd have sex with two women at the same time?

LAWRENCE

Damn right. I've always wanted to do that man. And I bet if I was a millionaire, I could hook that up 'cuz chicks dig dudes with money.

PETER

Not all chicks.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, but the type of chicks who would double up on a dude like me do.

PETER

You might have a point.

LAWRENCE

How about you? What would you do?

PETER

Well, I mean besides two chicks at the same time, I've never really been able to figure out an answer to that question. And then today when I was sitting there stuck in traffic, I started looking around at all those miserable people and it finally occurred to me for the first time what I would do if I had a million dollars.

LAWRENCE

What's that?

PETER

(Emphatic) Nothing.

LAWRENCE

Nothing huh?

PETER

That's right. I would do absolutely nothing. I would just sit on my ass all day and relax. You see, whenever I've tried to think of what I would do if I had a million dollars, all I could come up with were things I wouldn't do -- like sitting in a traffic jam, going to staff meetings, listening to Lumbergh -- I wouldn't do any of that. That's when I realized I would do nothing. Then I thought, why wait? I don't need a million dollars. Why not just do nothing now.

LAWRENCE

Go for it dude. (Raising his beer)
You only live once.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Peter is in bed trying to sleep, tossing and turning. He keeps hearing Nina's annoying voice in his head, over and over.

NINA (V.O. In his head)
...Corporate accounts Payable, Nina
speaking...Corporate Accounts
Payable, Nina speaking...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NYCOR / PETER'S CUBICLE - MORNING

Peter sits at his desk as NINA'S REAL VOICE continues.

NINA (O.S.)
...Corporate Accounts Payable, Nina
Speaking...

Peter buries his head in his hands. Lumbergh enters.

LUMBERGH
Hello Peter. Ah, I came by here
yesterday around ten o'clock and
you weren't here? Yeah, I was just
sort of wondering where you were...

PETER
Hmm, I must have been in the
bathroom or something.

LUMBERGH
Hmm... Yeah,... actually I went to
the bathroom after I came by here
and I didn't see you in there.

PETER
Well,...I must have been in one of
the stalls.

LUMBERGH
Hmm... You weren't wearing loafers
were you?

PETER
Ah, I don't remember.

LUMBERGH
Yeah,...Hmm. Well if you could just
go ahead and let us know if you're
going to be gone for any length of
time that would be great. Things

are gonna be getting kinda tight
around here. Mmkay?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NYCOR/MEETING AREA - FRIDAY MORNING

It's a big open area with all the employees gathered around. Some peer over cubicle walls. Lumbergh is running the meeting. Standing next to Lumbergh is what appears to be the CONSULTANT, looking as though he's waiting to be introduced. Behind them, a HUGE BANNER has been hung from the cieling that reads "IS THIS GOOD FOR THE COMPANY?".

LUMBERGH

...So you should ask yourself with every decision you make, (POINTS TO SIGN) "Is this good for the company?"..."Am I helping with the company's strategic vision?" Now this isn't meant in anyway to replace our current Mission Statement. Think of it as sort of a supplement...

ANGLE ON employees -- not really listening, waiting in anticipation for him to introduce the consultant. As Lumbergh drones on, we see one KISS-ASS EMPLOYEE nodding in agreement to everything Lumbergh says.

LUMBERGH

OK then. Ah, I'd like to go ahead and welcome a new member to our team here. This is Bob Slydell. He's a consultant... Yeah, Bob's gonna be sort of ah,... helping us out a little here. Yeah, he'll just sort of be asking some questions, maybe seeing if there's some ways we could maybe, you know, make our lives a little easier. Make things -- run a little more smoothly around here...Yeah,...any questions?

ANGLE ON employees. Everybody is silent, looking sick.

LUMBERGH

Oh, and remember - next Friday is Hawaiian shirt day. So if you want to, go ahead and wear a Hawaiian shirt and jeans. Okay?...

INT. TGIF'S - DAY

Peter, Michael, Samir and Tom sit at a table looking miserable as they eat lunch. Tom is looking through the want-ads. The same overly-cheerful "fun" waiter from before comes to their table.

WAITER
(Cheerful) Hey guys! How 'bout some
fajitas and some Long Island Iced
Teas?!

The guys just sort of shake their heads and mumble "Nah".

MICHAEL
Just bring us another pitcher.

WAITER
Okay, great!

The waiter leaves.

PETER
You guys ever wonder what would
happen if you just stopped going to
work -- just stopped doing
everything, just sort of dropped
out of all this?

MICHAEL
You'd be a street person.

PETER
Not necessarily. I mean, think
about it. If I were to just stop
going to work -- just stay home and
do nothing, it would take a couple
of months until I ran out of money
and then I could live off my credit
cards for probably another four
months. Then it takes at least six
months to evict someone, and at
least another two months before
they come and physically remove me
from my apartment. I could last
over a year.

MICHAEL
Yeah, then you'd be a street
person.

PETER
Yeah, but by then I'd have had over
a year to figure out some way to

make a bunch of money so I could keep doing nothing.

TOM

You'll never do that Peter. You don't have the balls. Neither do I. Let's face it, jobs like ours -- engineers, programmers -- are for guys with a lot of brains and no balls.

SAMIR

I don't believe you people.

MICHAEL

Hey, don't group me with these guys.

SAMIR

I'm just saying, there are people who risk their lives coming to this country on little rafts. You've got a great job Peter. If you came from where I came from, you would feel damn lucky to have your job.

PETER

Well, all I know is I'm from right here and I hate my job.... (Looking at his watch) Now, if I can just avoid Lumbergh for another couple of hours...

INT. MILTON'S CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

Milton is on the phone, cowering under the giant "Is this good for the company?" sign.

MILTON

...and I don't care if they lay me off either cuz I told Bill if they make me move my desk one more time I'm quittin'. And I told Dom too because they've made me move four times this year already, and I used to be over by the window...

In an AERIAL SHOT, we PAN OVER to the next cubicle, revealing that Milton is on the phone with Peter.

MILTON

...and then they switched from Swingline to Boston staplers, and

so, I kept my Swingline stapler because they don't bind up as much, and I also kept all the Swingline staples...

Peter nervously looks at his watch: 4:40 Friday.

PETER
(Peering over the cubicle, looking out for Lumbergh) Okay Milton...

MILTON
..so if they make me give `em back, I'll just, I'll;... I could set the building on fire.

PETER
Okay Milton. Sounds great. See ya.

Peter hangs up. He hurriedly puts some things in his brief case, getting ready to leave. He quickly goes to log off his computer, saving his work first. He clicks on something. ON THE SCREEN we see the HOURGLASS ICON and hear sounds of the hard drive. Peter taps his fingers waiting nervously for it to finish. Peter peers over the cubicle wall again and sees

LUMBERGH -- coming around a corner headed for Peter's cubicle.

PETER
(Under his breath) Shit!

Peter looks back at the computer screen. The hourglass icon still there as the hard disc toils away.

PETER
(Under his breath) Come on... Come on!

It seems to be taking forever. We see Lumbergh taking his time, looking around as he approaches Peter's cubicle. The race is on.

ANGLE ON The hourglass icon.

ANGLE ON Lumbergh -- getting closer.

ON PETER, sweating it out. He shakes his hands in frustration at the computer, as if it might help somehow.

PETER
(Under his breath) Come on!... Please...

ON LUMBERGH. He stops at and starts talking to someone. It looks like Peter might make it.

ON THE SCREEN. The screen finally goes black and the C prompt comes up. Peter turns off the computer, grabs his brief case and is about stand up and make his escape. He turns and sees LUMBERGH standing in the cubicle entry.

LUMBERGH

Hi Peter, what's happening. Ah, I'm gonna need you to go ahead and come in tomorrow.

ANGLE ON PETER, trying to control his rage.

LUMBERGH

...So if you could just make sure you're here around nine, that would be great, mmkay?

Lumbergh starts to leave then stops.

LUMBERGH

Oh, I almost forgot, I'm also going to need you to go ahead and come in on Sunday too. "kay? We ah, lost some people this week and we need to sort of play catch-up. Thanks.

Lumbergh leaves.

ANGLE ON PETER'S FACE - about to faint from anger. Nina is answering the phone in the background. Peter finally snaps and goes off on her.

PETER

(Through clenched teeth)
Please, for the love of God, could you, just once, answer the phone differently?! At least put the accent somewhere else -- like "Corporate ac-counts payable" or say, "This is Nina" instead of "Nina speaking"! I would really appreciate it! Thank you!!

Peter storms off.

On Nina's baffled expression we CUT TO:

EXT. DR. SWANSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Establishing shot. It's a small one-story building that looks like it could be a suburban dentist office. A small

sign says, "DR. SWANSON, OCCUPATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY AND HYPNOTHARAPY." (Or something)

INT. DR. SWANSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Peter and Anne sit in chairs along with another couple, about the same age as Peter and Anne. It's a group-therapy type situation. They are in a small semicircle around DR. SWANSON, an extremely overweight, unhealthy-looking, middle-aged psychologist. Peter is "opening up".

PETER

...and I was sitting in my cubicle this morning and I thought -- this is it. I'm probably gonna spend the next forty years of my life at a job like this, and I can't even stand another day there. I don't even get this weekend off. In fact, ever since I started working, every single day of my life has been worse than the day before it. So that means that every single day you see me, it's the worse day of my life.

DR. SWANSON

So what about today? Is today is the worse day of your life?

PETER

Yep.

DR. SWANSON

Wow, that's messed up. (Catching himself) I'm sorry. Go on.

PETER

So I was hoping that maybe you could sort of zonk me out so that I'm not aware that I'm even at work -- -- like I come home and I think I've been fishing all day or something.

DR. SWANSON

Well, that's not really what I do Peter. (Looking over his notes) What this sounds like to me, is a typical mid-life crisis...

ANNE

But he's only twenty-six.

DR. SWANSON

Yes that is a little young, but nowadays mid-life crises have been known to happen as early as nineteen. In fact, some psychologists actually consider that normal since our bodies begin to deteriorate at that age.

Anne and the other couple share an unpleasant look.

DR. SWANSON

Anyway, the good news is I think I can help you....

Dr. Swanson gets up and dims the lights. Then pulls his chair close to Peter's.

DR. SWANSON

Peter, I want you to do something for me here. I want you to relax. I want you to relax every muscle in your body beginning with your toes and finger tips...

Dr. Swanson's speech begins to take on a hypnotic tone. He looks deep into Peter's eyes.

DR. SWANSON

...Now relax your legs. Your eye lids are becoming very heavy as you slip deeper and deeper into a state of complete relaxation -- (low and breathy)deeper and deeper, way down... You feel yourself becoming very, very relaxed as you fall deeper and deeper into sleep -- way down...

ANGLE ON Peter. His eyes are shut. It's working. (Hypnotic SFX.)

DR. SWANSON

...All your cares and concerns are disappearing as you become more relaxed. (Under his breath)Way down. You don't care about anything.

ANGLE ON Dr. Swanson. Something is wrong with him. He starts sweating like crazy.

DR. SWANSON

When I count backwards from three
and snap my fingers, all your
worries, cares and inhibitions will
be gone. And you will remain in
this state until I snap my fingers
again. Three...

His voice starts shaking as he counts backwards. He puts his
left hand on his chest. He looks sick, but keeps counting.

DR. SWANSON

...Two, ...(cough) deeper and
deeper....(cough)....and one.
(Snaps his fingers).

Dr. Swanson falls off the chair, stumbles a little and then
collapses, clutching his chest. He's out cold.

Anne and the other couple start freaking out. Anne listens
for a pulse, The guy starts pumping on his chest, etc.

ANNE/OTHER COUPLE

Oh my God!// Are you OK?!// He's not
breathing!!// Someone call 911!!

ANGLE ON PETER just sitting there. He looks relaxed and
unconcerned -- left in the hypnotic state by Dr. Swanson.

INT. ANNE'S CAR - NIGHT

Anne drives everyone home. Anne and the couple all look a
little freaked out. Peter still has the same relaxed look on
his face.

ANNE

That was so weird. I've never seen
anyone die before. It really makes
you think about stuff. You know,
like what we're doing with our
lives and stuff.

They stop at a light. Peter just gets out and starts walking
away. Anne gets out and yells after him.

ANNE

Peter get back here! What the hell
are you doing?!

PETER

I'm walking.

ANNE

(Angry) WHY?!!

Peter answers her in a very casual, matter-of-fact way, without turning around.

PETER
Because I want to.

ANNE
Get back here right now!

Peter keeps on walking, not looking back. Anne stomps back to the car and drives off.

ANNE
Asshole!

PETER
(To himself as he walks) I don't
care... I don't care...

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

On the ALARM CLOCK, we see it turn 8:00 AM. The alarm goes off. His hand goes to hit the snooze button, but then continues past it and unplugs the clock.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER. The phone rings. The answering machine picks up. It's Lumbergh.

LUMBERGH (V.O.)
Yeah hi, it's Bill Lumbergh. It's about ten o'clock. Yeah, just ah, wondering where you are. Yeah, you know, if you could just sort of get here as soon as possible, that would be great... Ah Bob Slydell, the consultant, is here with me and we just need to go over a few things. Thanks a bunch. Buh-bye.

Peter continues to sleep. --

DISSOLVE TO LATER.

The phone rings again. It's Anne, pissed off.

ANNE (V.O.)
Peter I can't believe you embarrassed me like that last night. Where the hell are you? I just called over at the office. They're looking all over for you. Call me.

Another call comes in. It's Lumbergh again.

LUMBERGH (V.O.)

Yeah, Hi it's Bill Lumbergh again. I just wanted to make sure you knew that we did start at the ah, usual time this morning. Yeah, it isn't a half day or anything like that. I wasn't sure if you knew that or not. So if you could just go ahead and get here as soon as possible that would be terrific.

Peter sleeps through it all.

DISSOLVE TO:

Later. Peter finally wakes up, looking very relaxed. He looks at the answering machine. The readout shows TWELVE MESSAGES. He starts scrolling through them. They're all from Lumbergh.

MACHINE (LUMBERGH - V.O.)

Yeah, It's me again. I was away from my desk for a minute. Just checking in case you called while I was gone... (Beep - next message)...Hi Peter, it's Lumbergh. I...(Beep)....Yeah, I...(Beep)....Hello Peter...(Beep)...

Peter resets the machine and flops down on the bed.

The PHONE RINGS. Peter answers.

PETER

Hello.

ANNE (V.O.)

You wanna tell me what the hell is going on?!

PETER

What do you mean? (looks outside)What time is it anyway?

ANNE (V.O.)

It's three-thirty. Why aren't you at work?!

PETER

(Relaxed) Oh. I didn't feel like going.

ANNE (V.O.)
 (Disgusted) You "didn't feel like going"? Peter what has gotten into you?! First you embarrass me in front of my friends...

Peter takes the phone away from his ear and looks at it as Anne continues.

ANNE (V.O.)
 ...you just walk out of the car and leave me there, then you blow off work at a critical time. You can't just be irresponsible like that...

Peter HANGS UP THE PHONE and flops down on the couch. The phone rings again almost immediately. He lets the machine get it.

ANNE (V.O.)
 (Furious) Listen asshole, nobody hangs up on me! We're through!... Oh, and one more thing -- I'VE BEEN CHEATING ON YOU!!! (Click)

Peter doesn't seem to care. He stays sprawled out on the couch, looking relaxed.

BEGIN A BRIEF MONTAGE of Peter doing nothing (a "nontage", if you will):

Peter sitting on the balcony of his apartment doing nothing.

Peter walking aimlessly down a suburban street, doing nothing. The world actually looks like an agreeable place.

Peter sits on a park bench doing nothing.

Later, Peter is still on the park bench. A COP comes by and asks him to move it along.

Peter comes back home. There are fifteen new messages on his machine. He flops down on his bed and goes to sleep.

INT. NYCOR/MEETING AREA - MONDAY

It's another staff meeting. Lumbergh drones on. Next to him stands Bob Slydell, and next to Bob is a NEW GUY. Employees look worried.

LUMBERGH
 ...So from now on, only use the new time sheets if you've worked on two or more job codes in one day and

need the extra columns to fit it all in -- Otherwise, use the old time sheets and keep everything on the same column. This should make things easier...

ANGLE ON Tom next to Samir and Michael. They WHISPER.

TOM

(Looking around) Where's Peter? I heard he didn't show up this weekend.

MICHAEL

I don't know. (Re: The New Guy) Who the hell is that?

ON LUMBERGH

LUMBERGH

...So I think this new system will really help out. Okay? Any questions?

No one is paying attention -- They just want to know who the new guy is.

LUMBERGH

Okay. I'd like to welcome another new member to our team here. Yeah, it turns out that Bob Slydell has ended up having to do ah,... a little more work than we had anticipated, so we brought in another consultant to sort of work with him to ah,...sort of help us out here. His name is also Bob. Bob Porter. Welcome aboard Bob. So ah, any questions?

ANGLE ON Tom and other employees -- looking sick. --

TOM

(Muttering) Oh God...

INT. NYCOR/NINA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Nina is on the phone. There are way too many "Kathy" comic strips on her cubicle walls.

NINA

Corporate accounts payable, can you hold please? (resumes call on other line)...So anyway, first he's been

like, totally screwing up his
T.P.S. reports, then he like
totally didn't show up this weekend
and here it is eleven o'clock
Monday and he's not even here...
No, he didn't call or anything, and
Friday he just started yelling at
me for no reason!

Nina notices something out the window. She stands.

NINA
Oh my God. It's him.

NINA'S POV. It's Peter getting out of his car. He's unshaven
and his shirt isn't tucked in.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Peter starts to walk towards the building then stops,
contemplating the situation. He looks up at the building for
a moment -- not a very enticing sight. He looks around for a
few seconds still trying to decide whether to go into work
or not. He finally makes up his mind, goes back to the car
and leaves.

INT. NINA'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Nina sees this and looks scared. She's still on the phone.

NINA
Oh my God Tisha, he's totally
freaked out!

DOWN THE HALL, next to the cubicles, we see Lumbergh walking
along with Bob Slydell (the consultant). Lumbergh is
pointing to various cubicles and WHISPERING to Bob, causing
paranoia. They stop just outside Milton's cubicle and start
TALKING UNDER THEIR BREATH to each other. We can only make
out a few words as we hear from Milton's POV.

LUMBERGH
Yeah, he's probably,...
(whisper)...don't really
need,...(whisper)... hasn't been
working out, (whisper)...stapler..

ANGLE ON MILTON, looking paranoid and worried.

LUMBERGH
(No longer whispering) OK, sounds
great Bob. I'll see ya in a few.

Lumbergh walks into Milton's cubicle.

LUMBERGH

Hi Milton, what's happening. Ah, I'm gonna have to ask you to go ahead and move your desk again.

MILTON

(Mumbling protests) Mmm, but, well...

LUMBERGH

Yeah, so if you could just go ahead and get it as far back against that wall as possible, that would be great. That way we'll have room for some of these boxes and things we need to put in here. And ah, ... (noticing something) Oh, there it is...

ANGLE ON MILTON, looking worried and angry as Lumbergh leans over to take the stapler. It's an uncomfortable moment.

LUMBERGH

Here, let me just go ahead and get that from you. (leans back up) Great.... So if you could just go ahead and get to that as soon as possible that would be terrific. Mmkay? Thanks a bunch Milton. Buh-bye.

Lumbergh leaves. Milton mumbles on.

MILTON

Well mm okay, but I,...I'm gonna set the building on fire.

INT. T.G.I.FRIDAY'S - DAY

Peter walks in. He spots Jennifer and walks over to her.

PETER

Hi there. My name's Peter.

JENNIFER

Hi. I'm Jennifer. Can I help you?

PETER

Yeah, I was wondering what you were doing for lunch.

JENNIFER

Well our special is a blackened chicken with a tangy...

PETER

No, no... I meant what you were doing for lunch. I'm asking if you wanted to have lunch with me.

JENNIFER

Um, can you hold on just a minute?

PETER

Sure.

Jennifer gets some food from the counter and brings it to a table. Peter stands there waiting.

Jennifer comes back.

JENNIFER

So, are you serious?

PETER

Yeah.

JENNIFER

Well, I don't even know you or anything. I mean, it's kind of weird you know.

PETER

Yeah, I thought about that but then I figured if I didn't do something weird like this I could keep coming in here for years and never get to know you or even meet you.

Jennifer is taken aback.

PETER

I'm sorry. I shouldn't put you on the spot like this. Here's what I'll do. I'm gonna go eat lunch across the street at Bennagin's. If you feel like it, you can come over and join me -- no big deal. If you don't, that's cool too. Okay?

JENNIFER

Um, okay.

Peter leaves. Jennifer watches him, not quite sure what to think.

INT. NYCOR/MEETING ROOM - DAY

Bob Slydell and Bob Porter are interviewing Tom Smykowski.

BOB SLYDELL

So you take the specifications from the customer and give them to the engineers?

TOM

Yes, that's right.

BOB PORTER

Why couldn't the customer just give them directly to the engineers?

TOM

(Indignant) I'll tell you why, because engineers aren't good at dealing with customers. They're not good at dealing with humans in general.

BOB SLYDELL

So do you physically take the specs from the customers?

TOM

Well, no. My secretary does that, or they're faxed.

BOB SLYDELL

Do you physically bring them to the engineers?

TOM

Well no, I mean sometimes...

BOB PORTER

What exactly do you do again?

TOM

Look I already told you, I deal with the goddamn customers so that the engineers don't have to! (getting pissed) I have people skills. I'm good at dealing with people! Can't you understand that?! What the hell is wrong with you people?!!

Tom suddenly realizes he's blowing it. He has a moment of clarity.

TOM
I'm gonna get laid off aren't I?

The Bobs fidget and look at their papers -- not giving an answer.

INT. NYCOR/MEETING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Michael enters the room to begin his interview with the Bobs.

BOB SLYDELL
Hello, I'm Bob Slydell and this is my associate, Bob Porter.

MICHAEL
Hi.

They shake hands and sit.

BOB SLYDELL
So you're,... (Looking at sheet)
Michael Bolton huh?

MICHAEL
Yes.

BOB SLYDELL
You any relation to the singer?

MICHAEL
No. It's just a coincidence.

BOB SLYDELL
Boy, I sure do like his music.
Especially that "When a Man Loves a Woman" song.

The other Bob nods in agreement.

BOB PORTER
(To Michael) You must love his music, huh?

MICHAEL
Um,... (Considers it then decides to lie) Yeah he's pretty good I guess.

BOB PORTER
What's your favorite song of his?

MICHAEL

Oh, I don't know... I guess I sort of like `em all...

BOB SLYDELL

I'll bet you do, being that you have the same name as him... Well anyway, we better get down to business here Michael.

MICHAEL

Um,... You can just call me Mike.

INT. BENNAGIN'S - DAY

Peter is sitting at a table by himself eating. Jennifer walks up, feeling a little awkward.

JENNIFER

Hi.

PETER

Hello. Have a seat.

Jennifer sits down.

JENNIFER

What was your name again?

PETER

Peter.

JENNIFER

Oh, well I'm Jennifer.

PETER

Yeah, I saw your name tag before.

Pause.

JENNIFER

You know, I see you in TGIF's all the time. Why did you decide to ask me to lunch today?

PETER

I guess I just felt like it... Actually to tell you the truth, I've been watching you for months and I...

Jennifer looks worried.

PETER

...I mean, not with binoculars or anything like that. Don't worry. I just mean at the restaurant. And, I don't know, I just felt like it...
(Starts reading one of her buttons)
"We're not in Kansas anymore"?...

JENNIFER
(Slightly embarrassed) Oh, yeah.
It's one of my "pieces of flair".

PETER
Pieces of flair?

JENNIFER
Yeah. We're required to wear fifteen "Pieces of flair" -- like suspenders, a bandana, these buttons -- those are all pieces of flair. It's pretty stupid really...

PETER
So do you get to choose your own?

JENNIFER
Well yeah, but I didn't really choose these. I just grabbed fifteen buttons. I don't know what they say and I don't wanna know.

PETER
So how long have you worked there?

JENNIFER
Well, let's see... I started after I quit college...

PETER
You went to college?

JENNIFER
Yeah, just for a few weeks. Then I realized I wasn't really into it and I wasn't learning anything I really wanted to learn so I quit.

PETER
Wow. That is so cool.

JENNIFER
It is?

PETER

Yeah. Because I also went to college, and I also realized I wasn't really into it and wasn't learning anything I really wanted to learn, but then I just kept going and going until I graduated and got a job I hated.

JENNIFER
Wow. That's too bad.

PETER
Yeah, it sucks. I've wasted several of the best years of my life.

JENNIFER
So Where do you work?

PETER
Nycor.

JENNIFER
What do you do there?

PETER
Well I sit in this cubicle. And uh, I'm a programmer so... Like right now for example, they're updating all this bank software for the two-thousand switch...

JENNIFER
(UNSURE) Yeah...

PETER
Well see, when they wrote all this software -- to save memory they only used two digits for the year portion of the date -- like just ninety-eight instead of nineteen-ninety-eight. So we have to go through thousands of lines of code and modify it so that ah,...
(TRAILING OFF) when the year two-thousand comes... Look, it doesn't really matter. I don't like my job so I don't think I'm gonna go anymore.

JENNIFER
(laughs) You're just not going to go? You can't just stop going. Can you?

PETER

I don't know. I don't want to go so I'm not going to.

JENNIFER

So you're quitting in other words?

PETER

No not really. I'm just going to stop going.

JENNIFER

So when did you decide all this?

PETER

Oh, about an hour ago.

JENNIFER

(Amused) Are you going to get another job?

PETER

I don't think I would like another job either.

JENNIFER

(Playful) Well what are you going to do for money? How are you going to pay the bills?

PETER

I don't really like paying bills. I don't think I'm going to do that either.

JENNIFER

(Laughs) Well what do you want to do?

PETER

Well, I was hoping I'd go out to dinner with you tonight. And then I was gonna go back to my apartment and watch Kung Fu...

JENNIFER

On Channel Thirty-Nine?

PETER

Yeah. How did you know?

JENNIFER

Weeknights at eleven-thirty. I
never miss it.

PETER

Whoa!

INT. NYCOR/MILTON'S CUBICLE - DAY

Milton's desk is now crammed way into the corner and there
are boxes and junk stacked everywhere. Bob Slydell enters.

BOB

Hello, ah Milton Waddams is it?

MILTON

Yes.

BOB

Yeah, I can't seem to find your
name on the employee roster here.
Are you new?

MILTON

Um, no. I've been working here for
fifteen years... mm and I didn't
even receive a ten-year watch, and
I was told...

Bob ignores him as he looks at the roster.

BOB

(Puzzled) Huh. That's odd. Do you
receive a pay check?

MILTON

Well, mm sometimes, but I...

From the other cubicle we hear NINA YELLING.

NINA (O.S.)

Oh my God! HE'S BACK!!!

INT. NYCOR / NINA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Nina is on the phone, looking out the window.

ANGLE ON Nina's POV: Peter in the parking lot getting out of
his car. He takes out "The Club", which looks a little like
a gun from a distance, and starts to put it on.

NINA

He's got a GUN! I'm out of here!

Nina hangs up the phone and runs.

INT. NYCOR / ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Peter walks in. He's met by Michael, who looks around nervously as he follows Peter.

MICHAEL

(Hushed) Peter, what the hell's going on man? People thought you were gonna come in here and start shooting.

PETER

I just came to get my address book... I think I'm in love.

MICHAEL

What?! Peter, you're in deep shit. Why didn't you come in Saturday? What the hell were you doing?

PETER

Nothing. Absolutely nothing. It was great...

MICHAEL

Well, I hope you have a better story than that for Lumbergh. (Looks at watch) You know you're supposed to be having your interview with the Bobs right now.

PETER

Oh yeah... Hmm...

Peter heads for the conference room. Michael stops him.

MICHAEL

Wait! Look, Peter. You should postpone it. Tell 'em you've been sick -- make something up... --

PETER

No way. I feel great. This is the best day of my life.

MICHAEL

What's gotten in to you anyway? Did that hypnotherapist give you a lobotomy or what?

PETER

No. Actually, he died.

They stop outside the door to the conference room.

MICHAEL

He died?

PETER

Yeah. It was really weird Michael. One minute he was looking right into my eyes telling me to relax and let go of all my worries and then the next minute he's gone -- gone from this world. He had a heart attack or something. Then something clicked in my head. I don't know if it was the hypnosis or just seeing someone die, but I realized that we don't have much time on this earth and there's no reason to be miserable. Just look at this place, look at all these people. No one gets it...

MICHAEL

(Interrupting) Keep your voice down! You sound like some kind of Gen-X coffee-house dick. Look, if you want my advice don't go in there now. Tell Lumbergh you've been really sick and buy some time until you can come up with a better story.

PETER

Thanks, but I'm actually looking forward to this. I'd like to talk to them.

Peter heads into the conference room. Michael walks off.

MICHAEL

I hope you know what you're doing.

INT. INSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Peter sits down and shakes hands with the Bobs.

BOB SLYDELL

Hello Peter. Have you met Bob Porter?

PETER

Hi, how are you.

BOB PORTER
(Stiff)Hello.

BOB SLYDELL
What we've been doing here Peter is trying to get a feel for how people are spending their time at work. So why don't you start by taking us through a typical work day.

PETER
(Nonchalant) Okay. Well, usually I come in about fifteen minutes late. I come in through the side door so Lumbergh won't see me. Then I just sort of space out for about an hour.

BOB PORTER
Space out?

PETER
Yeah. You know, just stare at my desk so it looks like I'm working. I just zone out. Actually, I do that after lunch too. In fact, I'd say I really only do about two or three hours of real work a week.

Bob & Bob look at each other.

BOB SLYDELL
Tell us more...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NYCOR/CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The interview has turned into some kind of therapy session.
The Bobs are intrigued. --

PETER
...It's not that I'm lazy or anything, it's that I just don't care.

BOB PORTER
You don't care?

PETER
I guess the real problem is motivation. If I work my ass off and Nycor ends up shipping a few

more units, I don't make a dime more. You know what else pisses me off? I have eight bosses right now. So every time I make a mistake, eight different people come by and tell me about it. That's really the only motivation I have -- to not be hassled -- and I guess, the fear of losing my job, but that'll only make a person work hard enough to not get fired.

BOB SLYDELL

What if you were offered stock options in the company?

PETER

That would help I guess.

INT. NYCOR / HALLWAY LEADING TO ENTRANCE -- DAY

Peter is walking out. He passes Lumbergh. Lumbergh stops, expecting this to be a big confrontation.

LUMBERGH

So, Peter. What's happening. Ah,...

Peter pats Lumbergh on the back and walks right past him.

PETER

How ya doin'?

Peter continues right out the door, leaving Lumbergh standing there -- not sure what to think.

INT. TGIF'S - DAY

Jennifer is clocking out in back. She is confronted by her MANAGER, who as it turns out, is the WAITER from before -- it's the damndest thing.

MANAGER

Hi Jennifer. Ah, we need to talk about your flair.

JENNIFER

Really?... I have fifteen pieces.

MANAGER

Well, fifteen is the minimum. Now it's up to you whether you want to just do the bare minimum or, well, like Brian for example has seventeen pieces of flair today...

JENNIFER

So you want me to wear more?

MANAGER

Look Jennifer, people can get a cheese burger anywhere. They come to TGIFriday's for the atmosphere and the attitude. That's what the flair is all about -- it's about fun.

JENNIFER

If you want me to wear more...

MANAGER

Well, we want you to express yourself. If you feel that the bare minimum is enough then okay. It's up to you, but some people chose to do more and we encourage that. You do want to express yourself don't you?

JENNIFER

(A little confused) Yeah,...

MANAGER

Great. That's all I ask.

She sees Peter waiting for her and waves to him.

JENNIFER

Oh, I gotta go.

Jennifer walks over to where Peter is. She looks happy to see him. They leave.

PETER

You know, you really ought to consider blowing off your job. It's -- done wonders for me.

INT. NYCOR/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Bob's are meeting with Lumbergh and Dom Portwood (Limbaugh-looking guy). There are several files in front of them.

BOB SLYDELL

...Okay, so that's three more people we can lose, and then there's... (Reading the name off a

file) Tom Smykowski. He's useless.
We can easily lose him.

DOM
Sounds good to me.

Bob tosses Tom's file and grabs another file.

BOB SLYDELL
Now, this Milton Waddams?

LUMBERGH
Yes, in Accounts Receivable.

DOM
Who's he?

BOB PORTER
Kind of a squirrely-looking guy,
mumbles a lot.

DOM
Oh yeah.

BOB SLYDELL
Yes. We were not able to find any
record of him actually being a
current employee here.

Lumbergh and Dom look puzzled.

BOB PORTER
I looked into it, and apparently
what happened is that he was laid
off five years ago, and no one ever
told him. But, through some kind of
glitch in the payroll department he
still gets a paycheck.

BOB SLYDELL
We went ahead and fixed the glitch. --

LUMBERGH
Great.

DOM
So Milton has been let go?

BOB SLYDELL
Well, the glitch has been taken
care of. He won't be getting
anymore paychecks so I assume
things will work themselves out.

BOB PORTER

Yes, it's always better to avoid a confrontation whenever possible. The problem is solved from your end.

BOB SLYDELL

Yes. Now, I'd like to talk about Peter Gibbons. We feel that Peter is the type of straight-shooter that this company needs in upper management.

LUMBERGH

Yeah, ah I'm going to have to sort of disagree with you there. He's really been flaky lately, and I just don't think he's the caliber person we would want for upper management. He's also been having some problems with his T.P.S. reports.

The Bobs look at each other.

BOB PORTER

We feel that the problem isn't with Peter, it's that you haven't challenged him enough to really get him motivated. We feel that if he was given a job with more responsibility he could be a great asset to the company.

LUMBERGH

Yeah, well I'm just not sure about that right now...

Bob Slydell pulls out a pen to make notes.

BOB SLYDELL

Let me ask you Bill, about how much time a week do you spend dealing with all these time-sheet procedures?

ANGLE ON Lumbergh -- looking slightly nervous.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter and Jennifer are eating popcorn and watching "Kung Fu" They're way into it. It's one of the flash-back scenes.

ON The TV:

KANE

...But master, these feelings -- I don't understand them.

MASTER

Nor do I weedhopper. But aren't they beautiful?

The flashback begins to dissolve away.

JENNIFER

(Heavy) Wow.

PETER

Yeah. This is one of my favorite episodes. Later on he kicks the shit out of that fat redneck...

Peter is interrupted by Lawrence through the wall.

LAWRENCE

(O.S. through the wall)
Hey Peter check out channel nine!

PETER

(Yelling through wall) I have company Lawrence!

LAWRENCE (Through wall)

Oh... Hey Anne!

Jennifer gives Peter a look.

PETER

It's not Anne.

LAWRENCE

Whoa!

We hear Lawrence come out of his apartment and then knock on Peter's door.

PETER

(Irritated) Come in Lawrence.

Lawrence comes in and sees Jennifer.

LAWRENCE

Hi, how ya doin'. I'm Lawrence...
So are you guys goin' out or what?

PETER/ANNE

(Stumbling) Um, /I don't know/Not really /I, Yeah I guess...

LAWRENCE

(Raising his beer) All right!... Hey you look familiar. Didn't you used to work over there at Confetti's on Industrial Boulevard?

JENNIFER

Yeah I did.

LAWRENCE

Fuckin' A. We used to come in there after work all the time. I was doing doin' dry-wall on that Fuddrucker's they built across the street.

JENNIFER

Oh yeah? I think they're gonna tear it down now and build a Chili's.

LAWRENCE

I know. I'm hopin' we get that contract next man.

They all look at each other for a beat.

PETER

Hey Lawrence, do you like working construction?

LAWRENCE

Oh yeah. It's great man. I mean, it pays good, decent hours, got a pretty good pension comin'...

PETER

Yeah, I bet you make more money than I do too. And your job's less stressful. --

LAWRENCE

Yep. But you know what I like about it? You build something, then it's done, and then you move on to something else. And you can drive past it and say, (Pointing with his beer) "I built that". You know what I mean?

PETER

Yeah... Hey, when you come to work on Monday and you're not feeling very good, does anyone ever say, "Sounds like someone has a case of the Mondays"?

Lawrence stares at him for a beat, puzzled.

LAWRENCE

No... Shit no! I imagine you could get your ass kicked for sayin' something like that.

Pause. Peter contemplates this.

LAWRENCE

Well anyway, I'll let you guys get back to it. It was real nice meeting you Jennifer. (Aside to Jennifer) I'm glad that Anne chick broke up with him. She was kind of a bitch. Later.

Lawrence leaves.

JENNIFER

I like him.

PETER

Yeah, Lawrence is great.

JENNIFER

So are you really going to stop going to work?

PETER

Well, when I went back there today, I was looking around and I started thinking -- maybe if I were higher up in the company it wouldn't be so bad. I wouldn't have to put up with -- as much shit. What about you? Do you like your job?

JENNIFER

Well, I wouldn't mind just being a waitress so much. I mean, my aunt did it for most of her life and she was happy. Of course at her restaurant they didn't have to worry about "pieces of flair" and "expressing yourself in a fun manner".

PETER

Maybe you could get a job at her restaurant.

JENNIFER

No, they tore it down years ago. It's a Hooter's now.

PETER

Wow. You know, for 5.50 an hour, They have no right to tell you how to be fun. It's bad enough that they have your body for nine hours a day, now they want your soul too.

JENNIFER

I guess it does suck if I start thinking about it too much. That's why I just don't think about it.

PETER

Yeah, but you should think about it. You know, the Nazis had a little piece of flair they made the Jews wear...

JENNIFER

Oh come on.

PETER

I'm just saying, maybe it's time to stand up to these people. In fact from now on, I'm only going to work on my own terms -- I'm just gonna come in whenever I want, do whatever I feel like.

JENNIFER

Could you really get away with that?

PETER

I don't know, people are so polite and afraid of a confrontation, it seems like you could just go in there and overthrow the place if you wanted. Besides, what's the worse that could happen -- they fire me? Who cares?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE -- Peter overthrows Nycor:

Peter drives leisurely in to work in the middle of the day when there's no traffic. At Nycor, he drives across the grass and parks with half his car in Lumbergh's space. He opens door carelessly, DENTING PORTWOOD'S CAR.

He enters his cubicle. We hear Nina and Paul Harvey's voices. Peter Takes out a boom box, sets it on his desk, and cranks, "Damn it Feels Good to be a Gangsta" by the Getto Boyz -- drowning them out with the obscene lyrics. The music continues over the montage.

Peter starts to make his cubicle bigger -- moving a divider.

NINA .
(Yelling above the music) What are you doing?!

PETER
I'm just gonna go ahead and make a few changes around here.

In his cubicle, Peter throws away a stack of T.P.S. cover sheets, then fills out his time sheet, creating a new box that says, "Part-time with benefits". He checks the box.

Lumbergh comes back from lunch and can't fit into his parking space. He parks in the handicapped space.

Peter, Jennifer and Lawrence are out fishing -- living the good life, drinking beer, etc. Peter hooks a ten-pound bass.

Back at Nycor, we see Lumbergh's car being towed. The hook puts a big dent in his fender, mangling the "MY PRSHE" license plate.

We see Peter and Jennifer at Circuit City checking out TV's. Then we see them in Peter's bed watching Kung Fu on a HUGE SCREEN TV.

Peter comes in again mid-day, wearing shorts and a t-shirt with a WICKED SUNBURN. People watch in horror as he-casually takes down the "Is this good for the company?" banner, folds it up and tosses it in the dumpster. Milton picks up the phone and reports him.

END MONTAGE.

INT. NYCOR/PETER'S CUBICLE - DAY

Peter sits at his desk playing "Tetris" like a zombie (Tetris is a computer game). Lumbergh walks in -- for the big confrontation.

LUMBERGH

So ah Peter, are you going to go ahead and have those T.P.S. reports to us this afternoon?

Peter barely even looks at Lumbergh, just keeps playing Tetris.

PETER

Nah.

Lumbergh takes a deep breath.

LUMBERGH

Yeah...So ah, I guess we should probably go ahead and have a talk...

PETER

Not right now Lumbergh. I'm kind of busy. In fact, I'm gonna have to ask you to go ahead and come back later. I gotta go meet with the Bobs now.

LUMBERGH

Ah, I wasn't aware of a meeting with them...

PETER

Yeah. They called me at home. In fact I'm late. See ya.

Peter leaves. Lumbergh walks over to Milton's cubicle

INT. NYCOR / MILTON'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Milton's desk is crammed even further in the corner and there are even more boxes than before. Lumbergh walks in.

LUMBERGH

Hi Milton, what's happening..

MILTON

Um, I didn't receive a paycheck this week and I was told...

LUMBERGH

Ah yeah, you'll have to talk to Payroll about that.

MILTON

Mm, but I did and they said...

LUMBERGH

Milt, we're going to need to go ahead and move you downstairs into Storage B. We, ah, have some new people coming in and we need all the space we can get. So if you could just go ahead and pack up your stuff and move it down there that would be terrific. Mmkay?

MILTON

Well, mmm, I was told...

LUMBERGH

Great. Thanks a bunch Milton. And if you could get to that as soon as possible that would be terrific.

MILTON

But, my stapler...

Lumbergh walks off.

MILTON

(Muttering to himself) Well, mm Okay, but I... I could set the transformer room on fire...mm because they don't have a smoke detector in there... And there's a lot of oil in the cores...

INT. TGIF'S - DAY

Jennifer is confronted by the manager. He talks to her the way someone would talk to a four-year-old who's in trouble.

MANAGER

Jennifer, we need to talk. Do you know what this is about?

JENNIFER

My flair?

MANAGER

Yeeeah... Or your lack of flair. Because I'm counting, and I only see fifteen pieces.

JENNIFER

Yeah...

MANAGER

Let me ask you something Jennifer. What do you think of a person who only does the bare minimum?

JENNIFER

(Irritated) Look, if you want me to wear seventeen pieces of flair, you should just make the minimum seventeen! Okay?!

MANAGER

Well, I thought I remembered you saying you wanted to express yourself...

Jennifer has finally had it.

JENNIFER

You know something -- I do want to express myself and I don't need any pieces of flair to do it...

She FLIPS HIM OFF.

JENNIFER

You see that?!... (Still flipping him off) Take a good look, 'cuz this is me expressing myself! I HATE THIS GODDDAMN JOB AND I DON'T NEED IT!!!

She storms out.

EXT. TGIF'S - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer bursts out the back door and stands there for a beat, realizing the impact of what she's just done.

JENNIFER

(To herself) Oh my God...

She runs back inside, apologizing frantically.

INT. NYCOR / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Peter talks with the Bobs.

BOB PORTER

...So we are aware that you haven't been coming in to the office lately, and that you might be entertaining other offers...

BOB SLYDELL

Which is understandable given the circumstances here at Nycor. But here's what we'd like to talk to

you about -- We're going to be doing some house-cleaning here with some of the software people...

BOB PORTER

Yes, we're going to get rid of these guys... (Looking at notes) Samir... (Horrible mispronunciation) Nagahininhejad and this Michael Bolton guy and get some entry level graduates for much less, and...

PETER

Samir and Michael are getting laid off? Do they know yet?

BOB SLYDELL

No. It's always better to fire people on a Friday. It's been shown statistically that there's less chance of an incident. Anyway, what Bob was getting at is that you could have as many as four new people working under you.

BOB PORTER

This is a big promotion.

PETER

So would I be making more money?

BOB SLYDELL

Well, I suppose we could talk about that, but the point is there would be people under you.

BOB PORTER

Oh yes, absolutely. (Enticing) Several people. We're serious about this.

BOB SLYDELL

We could also give you Dale Atchley's old office. Go have a look. It's a window office.

INT. NYCOR/ATCHLEY'S OLD OFFICE - DAY

Peter comes in and looks around. Through the window we see a view of the parking lot. He stands there for a beat -- contemplating it all, realizing something.

INT. NYCOR/ PETER'S CUBICLE - DAY

Peter comes back to his desk. He looks over and sees Milton packing his stuff. He's about to ask what he's doing when Tom walks in.

TOM
(Oddly cheerful) Peter! How are you.

PETER
Alright.

TOM
Great! That's great. Say, could I have about five minutes of your time?

PETER
Well actually,...

TOM
Just five minutes.

PETER
I guess.

TOM
Great.

Tom pulls out some pamphlets.

TOM
Let me ask you a question Peter. Do you like bargains?

PETER
(Pause) Tom, are you selling Amway?

TOM
Now Peter just hear me out here... --

PETER
Oh man, this is sad.

TOM
You know, you'll never be a success without an open mind. It's been proven...

PETER
Tom look, the last thing I need to do right now is buy a bunch of useless cleaning products.

TOM
Well what about selling them?

PETER
What are you doing this for anyway?
You don't even know if you've been
laid off yet.

Tom loses his salesman demeanor. He sits down.

TOM
I have been laid off. They told me
last week. This is my last day.

PETER
I'm sorry Tom...

TOM
(Choked up) I don't know what I'm
gonna do Peter. I'm fifty-six. I
don't have enough money to retire.
In fact, I live pay check to pay
check as it is.

PETER
You'll find something.

TOM
There aren't any jobs out there.
And even if there were, there are
twenty young guys they would hire
before they'd hire me.

Peter shakes his head -- not sure what to say.

TOM
I did everything I was supposed to
do. I went to college, got my
engineering degree, worked hard,
did what I was told, and look at me --
now, headed for the unemployment
line... You know what really pisses
me off though?

PETER
(Humoring him) What's that Tom.

TOM
There was this guy in my high
school named Jeff Cafferty, big
dumb red-neck -- never even
graduated. He used to push me
around and kick my ass all the

time. But I didn't let it bother me because I always knew, when we grew up I'd be makin' a lot of money and this guy wouldn't be able to find a good job... Well you know what he does now? He's a goddamn plumber. Makes more money than I do -- sixty thousand a year -- and as long as people keep shitting, he'll always have a job.

PETER

You can't look at it that way Tom. Besides, being a plumber sucks. That guy's probably really unhappy.

TOM

I sure hope so.

A security guy enters the cubicle. He's fat with short-long hair cut and a mustache.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me. Are you Mr. Tom Smykowski?

TOM

Yes.

SECURITY GUARD

Could you come with me please?

TOM

Okay, I'll be there in a minute.

SECURITY GUARD

(Taking a step towards Tom)
Right now please.

This pisses Peter off.

PETER

Hey take it easy! This guy's worked here twenty years...

TOM

Forget it Peter. It's okay.

Tom gets up.

SECURITY GUARD

Just doing my job sir.

As they walk off, we hear Tom talking to the security guard...

TOM

Can I ask you something?... Do you like bargains?

ON PETER. He sits there contemplating it all. It looks like he's made some decision. He starts to get up and the phone rings. It's Jennifer. She sounds upset.

PETER

Hello...

JENNIFER

Peter I just got fired. I flipped off my manager.

PETER

(Impressed) You flipped him off?

JENNIFER

Yes! I don't know what I'm going to do. I can't get another job without a reference from here. Shit! I shouldn't have done that.

PETER

No, you did the right thing Jennifer. He deserved to get flipped off. And don't worry either, because I have a plan...

INT. NYCOR/SAMIR AND MICHAEL'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

We follow Peter as he enters. Michael is FLIPPING OFF THE PRINTER with all his might -- with both hands. He sees Peter and is a little embarrassed.

MICHAEL

Oh... Hey.

PETER

Hey. What are you guys doing tonight?

INT. TOM SMYKOWSKI'S HOUSE - DAY

The interior of a typical suburban tract home.

Tom is sitting by himself at the table drinking whiskey. He looks drunk and dangerous -- like he's been up all night on a binge. He grabs a piece of paper and starts writing a note.

INT. TOM'S GARAGE - DAY

Tom enters the garage from the house with the note in one hand and his car keys in the other. He makes sure all the doors in the garage are shut then gets into the car and sets the note down on the seat. He hangs his head down for a beat, then starts the engine. He then opens all the car windows (electric), reclines the seat and shuts his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE BACK IN

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - LATER

TOM'S Wife, LAURA parks her car on the street and walks up to the house. She's about Tom's age, a typical middle-aged housewife.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Laura looks around.

LAURA

Tom?...

She hears the sound of Tom's car idling.

INT. TOM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Laura opens the door, starts coughing -- gagging on the fumes.

LAURA

(Cough) What on earth are you doing?!

ANGLE ON Tom -- startled awake, coughing.

TOM

Huh? (Cough)

Tom suddenly comes to, realizing the situation. We see Tom GRAB THE NOTE AND CRUMPLE IT UP. He does his best to compose himself and cover up -- too embarrassed to admit what he was just trying to do.

TOM

Oh, I was just ah,... (Cough) having trouble with the shifter here. It's jammed...

Tom starts messing with the column shift.

TOM
I can't seem to (cough) get it into
Drive... (cough) I mean Reverse.

LAURA
Well for Godsakes Tom, open the
garage door. You could suffocate in
here.

Laura hits the garage door button, opening it.

TOM
Oh yeah, thanks. I forgot about
that.

LAURA
Are you okay Tom?

TOM
Oh yeah,... (Considers it) Yeah. I
think I'm okay.

LAURA
Alright... Hey, I was thinking
maybe we could rent a movie
tonight?

TOM
Yeah sure... (Like he's glad to be
alive) Let's rent a movie tonight.
That sounds good. I'll go pick
something up.

Tom backs the car out of the garage towards the street.

TOM
(Yelling back to Laura) It seems to
be working now.

ANGLE DOWN THE DRIVEWAY. Tom backs out towards the street,
smiling and waving goodbye to Laura -- like he's got a new
lease on life.

As he pulls into the street a PICK-UP TRUCK comes barreling
down the road out of nowhere at ninety miles-an-hour and
SLAMS INTO TOM'S CAR AT FULL SPEED. Both cars go spinning
and rolling all over the street -- landing upside down.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Peter is sitting on the couch. Michael hands him a beer and
sits down.

PETER

You know Michael, we're at a point in our lives now where we should start thinking about our future.

MICHAEL

No offense, but speak for yourself there. I'm not the one who's been flaking out. Look Peter, I know you had this religious experience or whatever the hell that was but you've gotta snap out of it and start getting your shit together or you're gonna get canned.

Pause.

PETER

Remember that virus you're always telling me about? You said it could rip off the company for a lot of money?

MICHAEL

Yeah. What about it?

PETER

Have you ever thought about using it?

MICHAEL

Not really. It's illegal. I only wrote it to prove a point really. It wouldn't be worth the risk. I've got a good job.

PETER

What if you didn't have a good job?

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

PETER

Let's go get a drink Michael.

INT. CONFETTI'S - NIGHT

Peter and Michael at the bar. Michael is really pissed off.

MICHAEL

Dammit! I can't believe it. Me and Samir are the best programmers they've got. And you! You haven't

even been showing up and you still have a job!

PETER
Actually they promoted me.

MICHAEL
(Furious) WHAT?!

PETER
Look, that's what I'm trying to tell you. It's completely unfair.

MICHAEL
(Shaking his head) Shit. And I told 'em I liked Michael Bolton's music.

PETER
Human beings were never meant to live like this Michael. We weren't meant to sit in little cubicles all day staring at computer screens, and listening to eight different bosses drone on about mission statements. And I realized today that it doesn't matter how many promotions I get. If it's not Lumbergh it'll be some other asshole. The only way out of all this -- the only way I'm ever gonna be happy is to just be rich. And Nycor deserves to be ripped off... That software works right?

MICHAEL
Of course it works. I wrote it. That's not the point. The point is, I'm not gonna do anything illegal.

PETER
Come on. You're such a hypocrite. You listen to all that gangsta rap, but you're afraid to commit a little crime. And this isn't even a real crime.

MICHAEL
Look I couldn't do it even if I wanted to because I don't know anyone high up enough to get the access codes.

PETER
You do now. I'm junior V.P.

MICHAEL

Wha..(Realizing) You're junior V.P.?! Shit!... Look, even with the access codes, and even if I wanted to, I'm not sure I'd know how to install it. I don't know that credit union software well enough.

PETER

Yeah, but Samir does.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter, Samir and Michael sit at the table.

MICHAEL

...So every time there's a bank transaction where interest is computed -- and there are thousands a day -- the computer ends up with these fractions of a cent which it usually rounds off. But what this does is it takes those little remainders on every transaction and puts them into an account -- our account.

SAMIR

But that's not much money is it?

PETER

Each time it happens it's small -- fractions of a penny. But, it happens thousands of times a day. So over a year or two it could add up to hundreds of thousands of dollars. That's the beauty of it -- it happens too slowly for anyone to notice.

MICHAEL

But the problem is a guy tried something like this in the seventies and got busted.

SAMIR

(Irritated) Why are you guys telling me all this? I need to leave now. I must get my resume ready...

PETER

Get your resume ready for what?
Another job where they can fire you
for no reason after years of hard
work?

SAMIR

Yes. That is right. If I'm lucky.

PETER

Look, I don't know about you guys,
but I'm tired of being pushed
around. I'm tired of always being
the guy with no balls -- always on
the receiving end of all this shit.

SAMIR

Look, I don't like getting pushed
around either, but I'm not going to
do anything illegal.

PETER

Listen Samir. Back in your old
country, what would happen if you
got caught doing something like
this? They'd cut your hands off or
some shit right? But here the worse
that could happen is they'd throw
you in one of those minimum
security white-collar prisons for a
few months. It's like a damn resort
in there. You can even get laid
now. They let you have conjugal
visits.

MICHAEL

Shit. I'm a free man and I haven't
had a conjugal visit in three
months...You know, this thing is
pretty fail-safe actually. Nycor's
in such a mad rush to get all this
software out before two-thousand,
they'd never notice. The volume's
way too high.

SAMIR

Yes, but if we did get caught...

PETER

First of all we're not going to get
caught, but more importantly you've
got to stop thinking that way --
both of you. You know why you guys
got fired and I got promoted? You
wanna know why? Because I finally

showed those assholes that I wasn't afraid of `em -- I didn't care if they fired me... These guys like, Lumbergh, Dom, the Bobs -- none of `em are as smart as we are. So why do they make more money than we do? How come they all have good jobs and we're always worried about getting laid off? It's because we let `em push us around. We let these guys take advantage of us. And if you keep putting up with it day after day, year after year, you'll wake up one morning and you'll be Tom Smykowski -- fifty-six years old, miserable, and still at Nycor, or even worse, out of a job after twenty years of loyal service. Is that what you want?

ANGLE ON Michael and Samir -- thinking.

MICHAEL

It would be nice to get some payback. We didn't deserve to get the ax.... All right. I'll do it if Samir will.

Samir is quiet, still thinking about it.

PETER

Listen Samir, You always talk about this being the land of opportunity? Well this is the ultimate opportunity. It doesn't get any better than this. You've got two options here -- the unemployment line or early retirement. Tomorrow's your last day at Nycor. What's it gonna be?

ON SAMIR, as he considers it for a long beat.

SAMIR

I have one question.

PETER

Yeah?

SAMIR

In thees prisons, do you really get conjugal visits?

PETER

Yep. You sure do.

SAMIR
Okay, I'll do it.

PETER
Woo! All right!

Peter's festive vibe doesn't catch on. Michael and Samir just stare at him.

MICHAEL
Okay Peter, as soon as you're done there, maybe we should discuss the plan.

PETER
Sorry.

MICHAEL
Okay, it works like a computer virus, so all we have to do is load it anywhere in the credit union mainframe and it'll do the rest.

PETER
Okay, you guys get me the software and I'll handle it from there. But before I start, we have to all swear to God (Looking at Samir)...or Alah, that no one else ever knows about this -- no girlfriends, no family members, no one.

SAMIR
Of course not.

MICHAEL
Agreed.

Through the walls we hear Lawrence's voice.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Don't worry man, I won't tell anyone either.

MICHAEL
(Shaking his head) Shit.

Samir shakes his head. Peter reassures them.

PETER

Don't worry. We can trust him.
Okay, here's how I see it all going
down...

INT. NYCOR/SAMIR AND MICHAEL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ice Cube's "Down For Whatever", a chilling gangsta-rap classic, plays over a montage as they pull off their "crime".

Note: This montage should have the feel of a major heist being pulled off when they're basically just copying a disk.

CLOSE UP: Michael's hand. In SLOW MOTION we see it move to the mouse and click twice. Huge sound effects as his finger hits the mouse.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN we see that he is copying a file to the A: drive.

ANGLE ON hallway. Peter walks towards Michael's cubicle in SLOW MOTION. He checks his watch and looks around.

CLOSE UP of Michael's hand taking the disk out of the A: drive. He hands it to Samir.

ANGLE ON hallway as Peter gets closer.

We follow Peter as he enters the cubicle, still in slow motion. In a CLOSE UP we see Samir hand Peter the disk.

Then, speaking in SLOW MOTION:

SAMIR
Hey, how's it goin'?

PETER
Pretty good.

CUT TO: Peter's cubicle. We see him put the disk in.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN, we see him load the file to the C: drive.

END MONTAGE

INT. NYCOR/SAMIR AND MICHAEL'S CUBICLE

Samir and Michael are seated. Peter enters. They all look around at each other for a moment.

MICHAEL
Well, that was easy.

PETER
Yeah, I guess it was.

DREW walks into the cubicle behind Peter. DREW looks like a twenty-year old blonde fraternity guy - a little on the pudgy side.

DREW
Hey man.

PETER
(Startled) Huh?! Oh hey DREW.

DREW
Hey, have you guys heard about Tom Smykowski?

MICHAEL
What, that he got laid off?

DREW
No man. Check it out -- Last week, the guy's backing out of his driveway and he gets slammed big time by a drunk driver...

PETER
Is he all right?

DREW
Sort of. He broke both his wrists, his legs and some ribs, but check this out -- He's gonna get a huge settlement out of this, like seven figures. He gets out of the hospital tomorrow and he's gonna have a barbecue this weekend to celebrate. We're all invited. I'm gonna bring that new chick from Logistics. (Cunnilingus gesture). Heh heh.

INT. PETER'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Michael, Samir and Peter are driving.

MICHAEL
Wow... Our last day at Nycor.

SAMIR
I can't believe they had security escort us out of there -- like we're going to steal something.

PETER
I stole something.

MICHAEL
Oh yeah. I guess we all did.

PETER
No, I'm talking about something
else. Man those security guys are
stupid.

SAMIR
What did you steal?

PETER
Just call it a going away present.

Peter gives them a sly smile. Off Peter's expression we CUT
TO:

EXT. EMPTY FIELD AT THE EDGE OF TOWN - EVENING

We hold on the empty field for a moment. Then the LASER
PRINTER from Michael and Samir's cubicle comes flying into
frame and hits the ground.

Michael, Samir and Peter all run into frame and start
CIRCLE-KICKING THE PRINTER with all their might.

Louie Armstrong's "All That Meat and no Potatoes" plays over
a BRIEF MONTAGE of the three guys destroying the printer.

In a series of shots from various angles they kick, hit and
throw rocks at it, yelling victoriously -- letting out years
of pent up aggression.

At one point we CUT TO the sky. We see the printer fly into
frame where it is met head-on by a BASEBALL BAT, shattering
it into pieces.

The three guys continue to joyously thrash the printer until
it has been reduced to splinters.

INT. PETER' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter, Michael, Samir and Jennifer are celebrating, drinking
beer and dancing to some loud music -- maybe some more "G-
Shit". They're having a great time -- gettin' down to the
righteous grooves.

EXT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter walks Samir and Michael down to Michael's car.

PETER

Don't worry Samir. Everything will be just fine. Man this is exciting.

SAMIR

(Slightly worried) I don't know...

PETER

Quit worrying. We'll check the account balance on Monday to see if it's working. It can't lose. I'll see you guys Sunday at Tom's barbecue.

Samir and Michael say good-bye and leave. Peter goes back up to the apartment.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter comes back in and sits.

JENNIFER

So are you ever going to tell me what it is we're celebrating? Is it part of this secret "plan" of yours?

PETER

(Nervous) Oh, I can't really tell you... I mean, nothing really...

Jennifer looks at Peter as he fumbles...

CUT TO:

Peter and Jennifer on the couch - a little later. Peter is telling her every detail.

PETER

...because when they're computing interest, they end up with these fractions of a penny, which they always round off, but what this does is always rounds it down and leaves the remainder in our account...

JENNIFER

So you're stealing?

PETER

No, you don't understand. You see it's just fractions of a penny here

and there, but over a period of time it adds up to a lot.

JENNIFER

Okay. So you get a lot of money right?

PETER

Right.

JENNIFER

And it's not yours.

PETER

Well it will be.

JENNIFER

So how is that not stealing?

PETER

Well I guess it's stealing,... but it's really small amounts. I mean, you'd take a penny out of that little tray at Seven-Eleven right?

JENNIFER

Yeah.

PETER

Well this is even less than that. It's just a matter of doing it thousands and thousands of times over a period of time so that it adds up to a lot of money. What's wrong with that?

JENNIFER

I don't know. What if you get caught?

PETER

We're not going to get caught, and even if we do, the absolute worse that can happen is you get a few months in a minimum security white-collar prison. Have you seen these places on Twenty-Twenty? You even get conjugal visits now.

JENNIFER

How often?

PETER

I think it's like once a month or something.

JENNIFER
Once a month?!

Peter realizes for the first time that it's a long time between visits.

PETER
Look, I'm not gonna get caught so don't worry about it.

JENNIFER
All right... So Samir and Michael are in on this too?

PETER
Yeah.

JENNIFER
Hmm...

PETER
What?

JENNIFER
I don't now. I'm just kind of surprised. I guess they just don't seem like the type of guys that would do something like that.

PETER
Yeah, well they did it so they're the type of guys. I'm doing them a huge favor you know. Look, don't worry about it, okay? Everything will be fine. Just forget that I ever told you about this.

EXT. TOM'S BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

The barbecue is in full swing. We PAN past several guests, mostly employees of Nycor to:

Tom in an electric wheelchair with all kinds of casts and steel rods, etc. He's in a great mood -- wheeling around greeting everyone and smiling for the first time. He sees Michael and Samir.

TOM
Michael! Samir! How ya doin'? I'd like you to meet my Lawyer, Rob Newhouse. Rob, Michael and Samir.

They shake hands. Tom wheels over to Peter, who is standing with Jennifer and some other people.

TOM

Peter! How are you? Glad you could make it.

PETER

Hey Tom. How are you?

Peter goes to shake hands, but realizes both Tom's hands are in casts.

TOM

I'm doin' great.

PETER

Tom I'd like you to meet my girlfriend. This is Jennifer.

Tom nods. It's the best he can do.

TOM

Forgive me for not getting up. Hah hah... Peter, come over here a minute. I want to show you something.

Peter excuses himself and follows Tom into the house. They stop in the den.

TOM

So what do you think?

PETER

About what?

TOM

Down there. On the floor.

Peter looks down and sees the "Jump-to-Conclusions Mat". It's basically a big plastic mat with the word "Jump" painted on one end behind a line and then several "Conclusions" on the other side -- like "No" "Yes" "Probably" -- like you would have in an eight-ball.

TOM

It's a prototype. My wife and I are going to try to market it. What do you think?

PETER

(Trying to be polite) Well, it's ah, pretty good Tom... You know I heard about your big settlement. Congratulations. You deserve it.

TOM

Thanks Peter. You know I'm glad you're here, because I wanted to talk to you. I know you've been getting pretty depressed lately about your job and everything. And I want you to know that I know how you feel. I used to be the same way...

PETER

Really?

TOM

Sure. Maybe I didn't whine as much, but I bet I hated my job even more than you. And I've been doing it for over thirty years.

PETER

Wow.

TOM

I just wanted to tell you not to do anything crazy. Things aren't always as bad as they seem. Find yourself a good woman, like the one you got out there, settle down -- life can be okay. Just remember, if you hang in there long enough good things can happen in this world. I mean look at me.

ANGLE ON TOM -- in his wheelchair with his entire body in various casts and tractions, smiling.

PETER

Thanks Tom.

EXT. TOM'S BACKYARD - DAY

TOM'S LAWYER is talking with Michael and Samir.

LAWYER

...Conjugal visits? No, not that I know of. Minimum security prison is no picnic. I have a client in there right now. He says the trick is to

kick someone's ass the first day or
become someone's bitch, then you'll
be alright. Why do you ask anyway?

ANGLE ON Samir and Michael looking uneasy.

EXT. TOM'S BACKYARD - DAY

Peter comes outside. He runs into DREW who is standing,
drinking a beer.

DREW
Hello Peter.

PETER
Hi Drew.

DREW
That's something about ol'
Smykowski huh? Lucky bastard...

Drew notices Jennifer standing over by the barbecue grill.
She's talking to Samir and Michael.

DREW
Hey isn't that the chick that works
over at TGIF's?

PETER
Yeah.

DREW
Who's she here with?

PETER
With me.

DREW
All right Peter! (Given like
friendly advice) Hey, make sure you
wear a rubber dude. --

Peter tries to control his anger.

PETER
Why's that Drew?

DREW
Are you kidding? She gets around
man.

PETER
(Still trying to control his anger)
Like with who?

DREW
Ah let's see...

Drew looks down and pushes his glasses up in a gesture that says, "Where do I begin."

DREW
Ah,... (Counting on his fingers)
Hell, Lumbergh fucked her... let's
see, who else... Ah...

As Drew tries to think of someone else, Peter mutters to himself...

PETER
Lumbergh?

On Peter's hurt and angry expression we CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S CAR - EVENING

Peter is driving Jennifer home. He looks straight ahead, holding in all his anger, saying nothing.

JENNIFER
Boy, Samir and Michael seem kind of
freaked-out. I don't know Peter...
Guys like that -- I see `em in
TGIF'S all the time and they just
seem like the type that wouldn't
know what to do with themselves if
they weren't working at a place
like Nycor... I know you were
trying to do them a favor with that
computer scam, but Maybe it wasn't
such a good idea for them...

PETER
Yeah? Well, maybe it wasn't such a
good idea for you to FUCK LUMBERGH! --

JENNIFER
What?! What are you...?!
(Remembering) Oh yeah, Lumbergh.

PETER
Aaagh! Oh my God! How could
you...Oh... I can't even...
Lumbergh?!!!

JENNIFER

What's your problem Peter?! It was two years ago! Do you know him or something?

PETER

Do I know him? Yeah I know him. He's my boss. He's a fat disgusting pig!

JENNIFER

He's not that fat.

PETER

(Flustered) He's not that...? Yes he is! He's an asshole!

JENNIFER

So what?

PETER

So why did you sleep with him?

JENNIFER

Look, that's none of your business. I don't ask who you've slept with before we were going out and I don't care. I thought it didn't matter.

PETER

Yeah, but Lumberg?! How could you? He stands for everything I hate!

JENNIFER

Yeah? So what do you want me to do about it? I didn't even know you back then.

PETER

You should've told me you slept around with so many guys!

JENNIFER

Listen to you! Who do you think you are? How dare you judge me! You're no angel. You're a Goddamn wannabe-criminal!!!

PETER

Yeah but I never slept with Lumbergh!

JENNIFER

All right that does it. I've had enough of this. You have no right to do this to me. Let me out. Now!

PETER

Fine.

Peter pulls the car over. Jennifer gets out.

JENNIFER

Call me when you've grown up! No. You know what? I take that back. Don't ever call me again. We're through!

Jennifer slams the door with all her might and stomps off.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter's in bed. He can't sleep. He's tossing and turning, seeing the scene of Drew saying "Lumbergh fucked her" play over and over again in his mind. We see this vision dissolved over Peter as he tosses and turns...

DREW

(Pushing his glasses up each time it replays)...Hell, Lumbergh fucked her....Hell, Lumbergh fucked her.... Hell Lumbergh fucked her...etc.

We DISSOLVE over this occasional images of Lumbergh on top of a woman (Jennifer), as seen from her POV (We don't actually see her). He's naked, making DISGUSTING SEX-FACES, his big body whaling away -- like a bad porno movie. It's almost as if he's screwing Peter. We also DISSOLVE in occasional images of Lumbergh hassling Peter about the T.P.S. Reports.

This torture continues as Peter tosses and turns through the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Peter wakes up, bummed out. It's been a rough night.

EXT. BANK/ATM MACHINE - MORNING

Peter walks up to the ATM, puts his card in and enters his code.

CLOSE ON the screen. He hits "BALANCE INQUIRY".

On Peter. He looks around whistling, waiting for the printout.

CLOSE ON printout coming out. We see: ACCOUNT BALANCE
\$305,326.13

ANGLE ON Peter's horrified expression.

PETER
Holy shit...!

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter drives, in a state of complete shock.

PETER
(Rhythmic) Oh shit... Oh no... Oh
shit... Oh no...!

EXT. PAYPHONE AT A GAS STATION - DAY

Peter calls Michael. We hear the ring.

PETER
...Oh shit...

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Hello.

PETER
Michael we gotta talk. We got a
huge problem. Shit!

MICHAEL
What? What?!

PETER
Not here. Not on the phone.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter drives. Michael and Samir freak out.

MICHAEL
Oh no!... Oh Shit... Oh no...

SAMIR
Sheet...Sheet... (Gets frustrated
by his lack of cuss-word-knowledge
and starts cussing in Iranian.)

PETER

(Rhythmical) Shit. Shit. Son-of-a-bitch! Shit. Shit. Son of a bitch!

MICHAEL
Shit! What happened?!

PETER
You tell me! It's your software. Nycor is damn sure gonna notice three-hundred thousand dollars missing over two days Michael! This was supposed to take two years!

MICHAEL
Just calm down. We gotta think. They probably won't know it's gone for another three or four days. Then maybe another two or three days to figure out that it's not just some accounting glitch. So worse case, we probably have at least five days to do something about this.

PETER
Five days?! What happened Michael? I thought you said this thing worked!

MICHAEL
Well, technically it did work...

PETER
NO IT DIDN'T!

MICHAEL
Okay, okay... I must have put a decimal in the wrong place or something. Shit. I always do that. I screw up some mundane detail.

PETER
This isn't a mundane detail Michael!

MICHAEL
Hey, don't get pissed at me. This was all your idea asshole!

PETER
(Trying to get a grip) Okay look, let's not get pissed off at each other right now. Let's just stay calm and try to figure this thing

out. Don't panic. The first thing we gotta do is close that account before it gets any bigger.

INT. NYCOR / MEETING AREA - DAY

Most of the staff is crowded into the area around a Birthday cake with about forty-two lit candles. The employees are singing Happy Birthday to Lumbergh. It's a very stiff crowd. Everyone is in they're own world, just going through the motions of singing Happy Birthday like they do every couple of weeks or so -- A completely superficial exercise.

As they sing, we PAN across the crowd. We see MILTON MUMBLING ALONG WITH THE BIRTHDAY SONG. They finish singing. Amidst applause and benign chatter, Lumbergh blows out the candles. Nina starts cutting the cake. She kisses Lumbergh's ass shamelessly -- saying how young he looks, etc.

Pieces of cake are being passed around. Milton is handed one. He grabs the fork like he's going to start eating. Nina chastises him.

NINA

Now Milton. Don't be greedy. Pass it along. Let's make sure everyone gets a piece.

MILTON

Well, mm okay but last time I didn't receive a piece and I... well okay...

Milton keeps passing pieces of cake along as they get handed to him. Finally he looks down and sees that there is NO CAKE LEFT.

We PAN Milton's POV and see that everyone else has a piece. They all eat their cake and chat as Milton stands alone with no cake.

INT. NYCOR / STORAGE B / MILTON'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

Milton sits all alone at an old metal desk, crammed way into the corner of a dark dingy storage room -- his new office. It's creepy down here. Milton is on the phone, looking more on edge than ever.

MILTON

Well, Lumbergh borrowed it but he never brought it back, and now he says he doesn't know where it is. So as far as I'm concerned it was stolen. And it was the last

Swingline stapler...so I'm gonna look in his office and if it's not there...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
I'm sorry sir, but this doesn't sound like a Police matter.

MILTON
And I haven't received a paycheck either so if I don't get paid this week, mm... that's the last straw...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
(Like she's talking to a crazy person) Okay. Well like I say, this really isn't a police matter. So why don't you just discuss it with your employer, okay?

MILTON
Well I'm gonna set the building...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
Have a nice day sir.

She hangs up.

ANGLE ON the entry to the storage room.

Lumbergh walks by finishing his cake. He doesn't walk in, as if not wanting to dirty himself by stepping in the room. Milton's desk is all the way on the other side of the room.

LUMBERGH
(Forgot Milton was down here) Oh, hello Milton.

There's a beat of silence as Lumbergh looks around at the messy storage room, getting an idea...

LUMBERGH
(Enthusiastic) Say Milton, you know what would be great? Since you're down here, why don't you go ahead take all these lose printouts and stack 'em over there against the wall. In fact, it would be really great if you could just sort of straighten up this whole area.

MILTON

Mm, well that's not really my job,
and I...I didn't get my check this
week...

Dom Portwood comes from down the hall.

DOM (O.S. -- Urgent)
Oh, there you are Bill. We need you
upstairs right away. We've got a
big problem. There's some kind of
major accounting glitch -- a lot of
money missing.

Lumbergh tosses his paper plate in the trash and hurries off
with Dom, leaving Milton alone in the storage room.

HOLD on the doorway for a beat. A dumb-looking JANITOR with
a short-long haircut comes by the doorway taking out the
trash. He's listening a classic rock station on a Walkman,
cranked very loudly so we hear it a little.

JANITOR
(Singing along quietly with radio)
Carry on my wayward son...

He doesn't notice Milton and SHUTS OFF THE LIGHTS.

MILTON
Um, excuse me...?

The Janitor doesn't hear Milton, his Walkman is too loud.

JANITOR
(Singing with walkman)...There'll
be peace when you are do-o-o-
one...Don't you cry no more...

The Janitor exits, leaving Milton alone in the dark.

MILTON
Well, mm okay but,...that's the
last straw...

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter, Michael and Samir sit around a table desperately
trying to figure out a plan. There's an ENVELOPE on the
table.

SAMIR
Is there any way to just give the
money back?

PETER

No way. You can't just write the company a check for three-hundred-some thousand after they found out they were missing that exact amount. They'd figure it out in a second.

SAMIR

Well, we gotta get it back somehow, or do something!

MICHAEL

Maybe we could launder the money.

PETER

Yeah, that's a great idea. How do you do that?

MICHAEL

I don't know. I was hoping you knew. I don't even know what it means. I just hear about it on TV. I think coke dealers do it.

PETER

Do we know any coke dealers?

MICHAEL

My cousin's a coke head. (Reality setting in) Oh man. We suck at crime. We're in deep shit.

SAMIR

Yes. We are in very very deep sheet.

Peter gets up and starts pacing around.

PETER

There is one thing we could do.

SAMIR/MICHAEL

What?

PETER

We could take the money and go to Mexico.

SAMIR

No.

MICHAEL

Why not Samir? It's all right there
in Traveler's Checks...

PETER

Yeah, and if we spent it all down
there I bet it would be a lot
harder to trace. We could come back
in a few years after it all
settles.

SAMIR

A few years?!(Adamant)NO! No way!
My family spent their life savings
so that I could come here, get an
education and citizenship in this
country -- the United States of
America -- not Mexico! I'm not
going to betray my family.

MICHAEL

Well maybe you should've thought
about that before you decided to
take up a life of crime.

Samir stands up like he's going to start something with
Michael.

SAMIR

This was not my idea asshole! You
guys talked me into it!

MICHAEL

Oh yeah. Right.

Peter stands up and gets in-between them.

PETER

Hey! Come on you guys. Stop.
Samir's right. We can't leave.

Samir and Michael sit down.

PETER

What we gotta do now is stay calm
and think. We're three intelligent
people here. We should be able to
think of something

MICHAEL

Well, we've got all night...

DISSOLVE TO: LATER.

Michael is standing looking in a dictionary.

MICHAEL

Let's see....Here it is. (Reading)
Launder. To wash...No...(Skimming)
clean up...Oh here we go -- "To
conceal the source of money, as by
channeling it through an
intermediary." Hmm...

SAMIR

That doesn't really help us
Michael.

PETER

God I cant' believe what a bunch of
nerds we are, looking up money
laundering in the damn dictionary.

MICHAEL

Well I haven't heard any bright
ideas out of you yet.

Pause.

PETER

I know. I can't concentrate... ever
since I found out that Jennifer had
sex with Lumbergh.

MICHAEL

Oh yeah. You didn't know that? It
was a couple of years ago, right
before he moved to Atlanta.

PETER

Atlanta?... You mean Ron Lumbergh
over at Unitrode? The young guy?

Peter is secretly relieved.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Who did you think I meant -
Bill?

PETER

(Covering) Oh, no. I was just
ah,... (pause) ... Ron Lumbergh and
Bill Lumbergh aren't related are
they?

The DOORBELL RINGS. Samir jumps.

SAMIR

(Startled) Who's that?!

PETER

Settle down man. It's probably just Lawrence.

Peter goes and opens the door. It's a black man, STEVE, in his twenties. He delivers a fast sales pitch that he's memorized.

STEVE

Good evening sir. My name is Steve. I come from a rough area. I used to be addicted to crack, but now I'm off and I'm trying to stay clean. I believe that hard work will help me stay clean, and make a better life for myself. That's why I'm selling magazine subscriptions and I was hoping you could help me out -- help keep me off the streets...

Peter interrupts, shaking his head.

PETER

No. No look, I'm sorry but we're really busy right now and...

Michael comes up behind Peter.

MICHAEL

Wait a minute. You used to be addicted to crack?

STEVE

Yes sir. But not anymore. I'm trying to...

MICHAEL

Did you ever sell Crack?

STEVE

Um, well yes, but you see that's all behind me now and I'm trying to make something of myself and do something positive...

MICHAEL

Could you come inside for a minute?

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter, Michael, Samir and Steve are all sitting around the table.

STEVE

Look man, I already told you, I don't know anything about money laundering.

MICHAEL

Yeah but, if you could just hook us up with the right people...

PETER

Michael, if he doesn't want to...

SAMIR

Yes, just give us the name of one drug dealer and I could network and find someone who could help us. I have great networking skills.

STEVE

All right look, I better be honest with you guys. All that stuff I said about being a crack-head and selling crack? I made it up. It helps me sell magazines. I've never smoked crack -- never even seen any. I'm actually an unemployed engineer.

PETER

You're an engineer?!

STEVE

Yep. I got laid off from Unitrode when they downsized last year.

SAMIR

(Despairing) Things must be rough when engineers are selling subscriptions door to door.

STEVE

Well, actually to tell you the truth, I make more money doing this than I ever did at Unitrode.

PETER

Wow. Really?

STEVE

Yep.

MICHAEL

So if you worked at Unitrode you must know Brett Higgins and Jim Dwyer.

STEVE

Oh yeah. I know them.

PETER

(Realizing) Say, ah... You're not gonna tell anyone about what we told you are you? I mean since we know some of the same people and all...

STEVE

(Thinking) Hmmm... Well I guess that depends. How many magazine subscriptions did you say you wanted?

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Peter shuts the door and walks back into the apartment.

PETER

Shit! What am I gonna do with twenty subscriptions to "Vibe"?

Peter sits down. They all look defeated.

MICHAEL

We never should've done this. What were we thinking? Crime is hard man... You know what I can't figure out? How is it that all these stupid neanderthal mafia guys can be so good at crime and smart guys like us suck so badly at it?

SAMIR

We're new to it though. If we had more experience...

MICHAEL

You know what I think? I think we're screwed. There's enough evidence and security cam footage all over that building to link us to this. Even if we did know how to launder money, I wouldn't want to. What we've done is bad enough. If we got caught laundering money they

wouldn't send us to a white-collar resort prison. We'd go to a Federal take-it-up-the-butt prison.

SAMIR

I don't want to go to any prison.
(Freaking out) Why did I do this?!
I've never done anything wrong in my life.

Samir gets up and starts pacing.

SAMIR

You say there's all this evidence -
- why the hell didn't you think of that before?!

PETER

Because Samir, we thought it was going to happen over two years not two days. If it took two years it wouldn't have mattered -- no one would've noticed.

SAMIR

(To Michael) I thought you said this damn thing worked! How could you make such a mistake?

Michael gets in Samir's face.

MICHAEL

Hey listen, you didn't have to go along with this.

Peter gets between them, breaking it up.

PETER

Come on! Quit fighting you guys.

SAMIR

He's right. (To Peter) You're the one we should be pissed off at. None of this would've happened if you hadn't talked us into this...

Peter doesn't say anything. He knows Samir's right.

SAMIR

You took advantage of us. We weren't thinking clearly because you had just told us we were losing our jobs. Now look at us. We're

worried about going to prison. I probably could've gotten another job too. It might have been in Toledo, but it would be better than jail.

PETER
Don't worry. I'll think of something.

Samir grabs his jacket.

SAMIR
I'm going home now.

MICHAEL
Me too.

Samir and Michael head for the door. Samir turns around before leaving.

SAMIR
You are a very bad person Peter.

They leave.

Peter sits there alone in his apartment, contemplating it all. After a while:

PETER
(Yelling through wall)
Hey Lawrence! You awake?

LAWRENCE
(O.S. Through the wall) Yeah?

PETER
You wanna come over?

LAWRENCE
(O.S.) No thanks man... I don't want you fucking up my life too.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Peter lies in bed awake. He picks up the phone and dials. We hear Jennifer's answering machine pick up.

JENNIFER'S VOICE
Hi it's Jennifer. Leave a message.
Thanks. (Beep)

Peter almost leaves a message, but hangs up. He looks at the clock. It's after midnight.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter tosses and turns. In a DREAM SEQUENCE we see a PRISON YARD. We PAN past several hard-core scary-looking prisoners lifting weights, fighting, etc., to SAMIR AND MICHAEL sitting on a bench in the middle of all this -- trembling, looking wimpy and terrified. Michael is nervously tearing open several bags of sugar and putting them in his coffee. Peter wakes up, disturbed. He turns on the TV.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Peter watches Kung Fu. It's another flashback with Kane and Qui Chan. (It goes something like this...)

ON THE TV:

KANE

But Master, why do you help this man? He has stolen from our Temple many times.

MASTER

Weedhopper, when he walks through the meadow, do the birds stop singing?

KANE

No master.

MASTER

Does the creek deny him water?

KANE

No master.

MASTER

Does the sun refuse to light his path?

KANE

No Master.

MASTER

If nature in all her splendor and glory does not scorn him, but embraces him, then who am I to deny him a blanket and a bowl of rice?

ON PETER. This heavy message hits home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Peter sits at the table writing a note. He finishes and puts it in an envelope with the Traveler's Checks. He gets up and leaves.

INT. PETER'S CAR - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Peter drives along the same expressway he takes to work everyday -- only now it's empty and quiet. He drives through the office park. It looks a little less harsh at night, lit softly by the landscape lights.

He drives past TGIF'S. Across the street at Bennagin's he notices JENNIFER'S BLUE-GREEN HONDA CIVIC in the parking lot.

EXT. BENNAGIN'S - CONTINUOUS

It's closed. There are only a few cars in the parking lot. Peter parks by Jennifer's car and waits.

After a moment, Jennifer come out to her car. Peter walks up to her.

PETER

Hi.

JENNIFER

Hey.

It's an awkward moment. Peter tries to fill it.

PETER

I noticed your car. So ah, you found a new job huh?

Jennifer is still being a little cold to him.

JENNIFER

Yeah. It's a little bit better.

PETER

So I ah, tried to call you. I wanted to talk to you...

JENNIFER

Okay.

PETER

I might be going away for a while -
- to jail. You were right -- that
computer scam was a bad idea. We
totally botched it. I won't go into

the details but we'll probably get caught so I decided I'm going to take the blame for it. Michael and Samir shouldn't have to. It was all my idea. I'm going to leave a confession note and the money under Lumbergh's door.

JENNIFER

Sounds like the right thing to do.

PETER

Jennifer, I want to apologize. I had no right to get so pissed off at you about Lumbergh. I'm really sorry. Lumbergh isn't my problem. I'm my problem. I don't know what's wrong with me Jennifer. I don't know why I can't just go to work everyday, appreciate what I have and be happy like I'm supposed to - like everyone else.

JENNIFER

Most people don't like their jobs Peter. They just put up with it and make the best of it.

PETER

Yeah, maybe you're right...You know, when I was a kid and I'd imagine myself as an adult, I always saw myself working in an office somewhere, living in an apartment -- it seemed great, like I'd be happy. Then when I finally got there I was miserable. But I've been thinking about it a lot, and even though I may never be happy with my job, I think that if I was with you I could be happy. I know I could. It wouldn't matter what kind of lousy job I had if I knew I could come home to you every night. I know I've been a real asshole, but if you'll take me back I'll promise to...

JENNIFER

Oh Peter...

She hugs him. They get all emotional and shit.

JENNIFER

...you're such a weirdo.

PETER

Yeah I know...

Peter pulls himself together.

PETER

Well I guess I better go and get this over with. If I have to go to prison, will you come visit me?

JENNIFER

(Playful) Maybe.

PETER

Conjugal?

JENNIFER

Don't push your luck.

INT. NYCOR / ENTRANCE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Peter signs in at the front desk and shows his employee I.D. to the security guard.

INT. NYCOR / CUBICLES - NIGHT

Peter walks in with the envelope in his hand and looks around at all the cubicles. He's never seen the place at night. It looks a lot different. It seems oddly quiet and peaceful.

He walks up to Lumbergh's door. In front of the door to one side, is Lumbergh's secretary's desk with an L-shaped cubicle wall around it. Peter looks down at the envelope in his hand for a beat, then he looks at Lumbergh's door -- contemplating the impact of what he's about to do.

Peter looks around at Lumbergh's secretary's cubicle walls. He sees several "Cathy" comic strips pinned up, then he sees a poster. It has a picture of a sunset on a mountain peak and says, "No goal is too high if we climb with care and confidence".

Peter shakes his head and looks back at Lumbergh's door. He takes a deep breath and then slides the envelope under the door -- leaving his fate in the hands of Bill Lumbergh.

He stands there for a moment. Then he leans back down, looks under the door and starts frantically reaching under the crack trying to retrieve the envelope. He finally collects himself, stands back up and walks away.

FADE OUT.

FADE BACK IN.

EXT. NYCOR - MORNING

Establishing shot. Very early -- not that many cars there yet.

INT. NYCOR / LUMBERGH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Milton is talking to Lumbergh's secretary.

MILTON

...And then Mr. Lumbergh told me to talk to Payroll and then they told me to talk to Mr. Lumbergh, and I still haven't received my paycheck. And he took my stapler and never brought it back and then they made me move my desk and now there's garbage on it and I...

LUMBERGH'S SECRETARY

Uh huh, well why don't you just have a seat and Mr. Lumbergh should be here in a moment. I'll be right back.

MILTON

Well, okay but I'm gonna...

Lumbergh's secretary leaves.

MILTON

(Mumbling to himself) I'm just gonna take my stapler back.

Milton gets up and opens the door to Lumbergh's office.

MILTON

I know the stapler's in here... mm and it's mine... It's a Swingline.

Milton walks over the envelope on the floor and starts going through Lumbergh's things looking for his stapler.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Peter wakes up, collects himself and gets out of bed.

EXT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Peter comes out of his apartment, goes next door and knocks on Lawrence's door.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

Yeah?

PETER

It's me, Peter.

Lawrence comes to the door.

LAWRENCE

Hey man.

PETER

Hey. So ah, I might be going away for a while...

LAWRENCE

Yeah, I know. I heard you guys last night. That's a bummer.

PETER

Yeah. Well, I guess I'm gonna go face the music now. If I don't see you for a while, take care.

LAWRENCE

You betchya. See ya.

Peter walks away. Lawrence starts to go back inside then calls out to Peter.

LAWRENCE

Hey Peter.

PETER

(Stops and turns) Yeah?

LAWRENCE

Don't drop the soap.

PETER

Okay Lawrence.

Peter just shakes his head and walks off.

INT. PETER'S CAR - MORNING

Peter drives through the same corporate office park as in the beginning. There's a lot going through his mind as he looks around at all the people stuck in traffic. Then he hears something - SIRENS. He wonders if they're coming for him.

We hear the sirens getting closer. Peter looks in his rear view mirror and sees three FIRE TRUCKS trying to get through the traffic.

He slows down. He looks ahead and, in the distance, sees BILLOWING SMOKE.

PETER

Huh?

The fire trucks pass him and turn right at the next corner. Peter speeds up and also turns right at the corner -- looking to see where the smoke is coming from.

As he gets closer he starts to suspect where the smoke is coming from.

PETER

(To himself) No way.

Peter turns another corner and sees

NYCOR GOING UP IN FLAMES.

It's a RAGING INFERNO. A crowd has gathered.

PETER

Oh my God!

Peter pulls up as close as he can and gets out of the car. Samir and Michael come running up to him.

MICHAEL

Holy Shit Peter! I didn't think you were gonna torch the place! What's wrong with you?!

PETER

What? I didn't do this!

Peter pushes through the crowd towards the front.

We see the fire trucks doing their best to control the blaze. Peter gets up to the front.

We PAN Peter's POV, seeing most of the Nycor employees watching as the building burns. Back behind the crowd we see:

MILTON.

He mumbles and fidgets, trying to get a better view.

MILTON

Mm, excuse me. I can't see...mm I was here first...

ANGLE ON PETER.

PETER

(To himself) Milton?

We see Milton walk off behind the crowd , muttering -- fading into the distance as we

FADE TO BLACK

FADE BACK IN TO:

CLOSE-UP OF BURNT RUBBLE. A SHOVEL comes into frame scooping it up and revealing a burnt-but-recognizable SWINGLINE STAPLER.

We PULL OUT to reveal LAWRENCE in his construction outfit. He leans down, picks up the stapler and is about to toss it in the wheelbarrow.

We PULL OUT further to reveal PETER, also in CONSTRUCTION CLOTHES -- hard hat and all -- also shoveling away. He has a mustache now. Peter sees the stapler.

PETER

Wait a minute. Don't throw that away. Let me see it.

Lawrence hands the stapler to Peter.

LAWRENCE

It's pretty toasted dude. I don't think you could use it.

Peter looks at it for a beat.

PETER

I think I know someone that might want this.

Peter puts the stapler in his pocket and starts shoveling again.

PETER

Hey, thanks for getting me this job Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

No problem. You know you're starting to look a little like a

blue-collar grunt. I think the mustache helps.

We hear a car horn HONK off screen.

We see Michael and Samir pull up to the curb in Michael's Honda. Peter puts down his shovel and walks over to them.

MICHAEL

Hey man, wanna go to lunch?

PETER

No thanks. I brought mine in a pail. Besides, Jennifer might come by. She's working the lunch shift again.

MICHAEL

So you guys are back together again?

PETER

Yeah.

SAMIR

So how do you like your new job?

PETER

Not bad. Not too bad at all.

MICHAEL

It looks like Nycor is going to stall all the layoffs until they build this place back up again. They're gonna let us keep our jobs.

SAMIR

Yeah, so take your time.

MICHAEL

You know you could probably still get your job back. --

PETER

No thanks. I'm doing okay here.

Michael looks around and leans in a little closer to Peter.

MICHAEL

So you think we're gonna be okay?

PETER

Yeah, I think this fire pretty much wiped out any evidence we might've

left. We probably would've heard something by now if they were on to us.

MICHAEL

I wonder if that money burned up with it. That would be kind of a shame.

PETER

Well I don't think Lumbergh took it. I heard he called in sick that day. Who knows.

SAMIR

So you're sure you don't want to come back to Nycor?

PETER

Yeah. That's one thing I'm pretty sure of.

MICHAEL

All right. Stay in touch.

SAMIR

See you later.

PETER

Bye.

Samir and Michael drive off.

Peter walks back to where Lawrence is and picks up his shovel.

PETER

You know this isn't so bad -- makin' bucks, gettin' some exercise, workin' outside.

LAWRENCE

Fuckin' A!

PETER

Fuckin' A.

We PULL OUT to a wide aerial shot, showing the whole lot that was once Nycor. We see a bulldozer knock over the old Nycor sign.

As we continue to PULL OUT we see a construction FOREMAN approach Peter and Lawrence. The cadence of his voice sounds vaguely familiar...

FOREMAN

Yeah, if you guys could just go ahead and sort of pick up the pace here that would be great...

With an OMINOUS MUSIC STING we CUT TO:

EXT. A BEAUTIFUL RESORT BEACH IN MEXICO - DAY

It's a high-dollar resort with white sand and beautiful clear turquoise water.

We PAN across the beach past several umbrellas, up to

MILTON, sitting under an umbrella in a reclining chair. A WAITER comes up and brings him a tropical drink.

MILTON

Mm, well, I asked for a Mai-Tai and they brought a Pina Colada. And then I asked for no salt on my Margarita and it had salt on it...

WAITER

Lo siento mucho Senor.

The waiter leaves.

MILTON

...so if this happens again, I won't leave a tip and I... I could have this entire resort shut down... and... and put strychnine in the guacamole...

As Milton continues to mutter we

FADE OUT.